



No. 71.—VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
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MR. MATTHEW DAWSON, THE TRAINER OF LADAS.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The Prince of Wales had a very enthusiastic welcome at Lichfield, where he arrived for the celebration of the centenary of the Queen's Own Royal Regiment of Staffordshire Yeomanry, of which the Duke of Sutherland is colonel.—The Albert Palace was sold by auction at Battersea. The roof fetched twenty-five shillings.—Lord Salisbury was the chief guest of the Grocers' Company at a dinner to celebrate the restoration of their hall. He denounced the anti-House-of-Lords movement and the unification of London.—Mrs. Thompson was once again ejected from the Law Courts. Mr. Justice Cave ordered the usher never to allow her into his court again.—M. Dupuy has nearly completed his Cabinet. He himself will hold the Ministries of the Interior and of Public Worship. M. Guérin is Minister of Justice, M. Poincaré Finance Minister, General Mercier Minister of War, M. Félix Faure of Marine, and M. Delcassé of the Colonies.—The members of the Stambuloff Cabinet tendered their resignation to Prince Ferdinand. M. Stambuloff has been at the head of affairs in Bulgaria since he formed a provisional Government at Tirnova in 1886, after the kidnapping of Prince Alexander, to whom he remained loyal.—The Act of Renunciation of the Archduchess Caroline of Hapsburg-Lorraine, who is to be married to-morrow to Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, took place with the traditional formalities.—The remains of the bull-fighter Espartero, who was killed at Madrid, were conveyed to Seville. Twenty thousand people assembled in the streets along which the funeral *cortege* passed in Madrid, and the procession included several hundred bull-fighters.—The French inventor, M. Turpin, has made a new weapon, which he calls "The Engine of Victory," and which he is said to have sold to a foreign State. It takes the form, it is reported, of a monster mitrailleuse worked by electricity, and it will render the space in front of it for several thousand metres, and over a surface of from fifteen to eighteen miles, unapproachable by the enemy.—Sir H. Parkes was entertained by the citizens of Sydney at a banquet in celebration of his eightieth birthday.

Wednesday. Mr. Hiram Maxim, writing to the *Times*, says that he set himself to make a bullet-proof coat at Erith, and in six hours he produced a cuirass 1½ in. thick and weighing about 10 lb., and that he will divulge the secret to any officer appointed by her Majesty's Government for the sum of 7s. 6d. cash. Herr Dowé is said to want £200,000 for his cuirass.—A private rehearsal of the Military Tournament was given at Islington.—The Prince of Wales inspected the Staffordshire Yeomanry.—The Lord Mayor entertained at a banquet at the Mansion House her Majesty's judges and a number of leading representatives of the Bar.—Mr. Chaplin, speaking at Edinburgh, contended that the cause of the agricultural depression was the heavy fall in prices of produce, due to the abandonment of bimetallism on the Continent.—Mr. H. S. Foster, M.P., speaking at Lowestoft, referred to Mr. Justice Mathew's "extraordinary ignorance of business matters, and the extraordinary hash he made in summing up."—Mr. Murray Grant, of Glenmoriston, obtained a divorce from his wife, who has gone away with Viscount Baring.—General Hewston, of the American Army, was passing along Gray's Inn Road to-night, when he was run into by a street musician, who threatened to strike him. The General lifted his umbrella to ward off the blow, and the ferrule entered the eye of the musician, who shortly after succumbed to his injuries.—Only five of the eleven members of the French Cabinet have previously held portfolios.—The annual spring parade of the garrison of Berlin was held before the Emperor and the King of Saxony.—The session of the Victorian Parliament was opened at Melbourne by Lord Hopetoun, who took a hopeful view of the prospects of the colony.

Thursday. A Drawing Room was held at Buckingham Palace by the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Queen. About 150 presentations were made.—Mr. Irving presided at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. He spoke of the despondency about the stage, remarking that theatrical advertisements may run like this: "Toole's Theatre: Mr. J. L. Toole Driven to Pugilism by the Problem Play."—The Society of Authors dined, under the chairmanship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Among those present were Mr. Besant, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and Sarah Grand.—All Saints' Church, Norfolk Square, Paddington, was gutted by fire.—The cab-owners rejected an offer made by Sir John Hutton, L.C.C., to mediate in the strike.—The notorious Thompson v. Rourke case was again dealt with to-day, Justices Cave and Collins upholding the previous decision, that the children were the issue of the marriage between Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Rourke.—Three rival schools of novel-writing competed at the French Academy for the *fauteuils* of the late MM. Taine and Maxime du Camp. M. Paul Bourget headed the psychological, M. Jean Aicard the idealist, and M. Zola the naturalist school. M. Bourget and M. Sorel, an essayist and critic, were elected. Nobody voted for Zola.

Friday. A fresh Anarchist sensation was afforded to-day by the appearance of a young German at the Westminster Police Court. The police raided his house at Chelsea last night, and discovered in the basement a quantity of chemicals, which he was charged with keeping for unlawful purposes.—The Cabdrivers' Union

made a special levy of 2s. on behalf of the strikers' wives and children. Several drivers were brought before the metropolitan magistrates for intimidation and assault.—The celebration of the jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association was begun to-night with a special service in Westminster Abbey.—The death is announced of Mr. C. H. Pearson. He was born in 1830, and published his book, "National Life and Character," about a year ago.—The notorious Mrs. Gordon Baillie was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for fraud.—The Emperor William underwent a slight operation for the removal of a small encysted tumour from his left cheek.—Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian Premier, tendered the resignation of the Ministry, and Count Khün-Hedervary, Ban of Croatia, was entrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet.—Serious rioting has taken place in Sofia. It is stated that M. Stambuloff contemplates leaving Bulgaria.—Mr. R. L. Stevenson writes a letter of three columns to the *Times* on the deadlock in Samoa, which, under the triple rule, is very far from being a Treasure Island. "I have paid taxes to the Samoan Government for some four years, and," he says, "the most sensible benefit I have received in return has been to be allowed to feed their prisoners."

Saturday. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Bradford to-night, fell foul of the Premier in a hammer-and-tongs style. During the early part of the Home Rule struggle, Lord Rosebery, he said, had rested in his tent like Achilles, and came out only when it was time to claim the spoil. He referred to the Premier's Birmingham speech as a shaft laboriously barbed and shooting poisoned arrows.—John Burns, speaking at Battersea, cheered the heart of the dominie by making a plea for the better payment of the schoolmaster, whom he advised to interest himself more in public affairs.—A barber and "bookie," fined £20 at Manchester for betting, pleaded that the Prince of Wales attended race meetings and the Premier owned the Derby favourite.—A show of nursery appliances was opened at Knightsbridge.—The gross liabilities of Lord Francis Hope, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, are returned at £405,277, and the assets are £194,042.—Guildford was *en fête* to greet the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who visited the Bath and West of England and Southern Counties Show, which attracted nearly 20,000 persons to Shalford Park. The Mayor of Guildford, Mr. George Tayler, presented a loyal address to his Royal Highness, who was afterwards entertained at luncheon in the ancient Town Hall.

Sunday. The French Derby, at Chantilly, was won by M. G. Cunningham's Gospodar by two lengths. Twelve horses ran.—King Humbert held a grand review of the troops in Rome.—The Rev. and Hon. J. G. Adderley, author of "Stephen Remarx," preached at Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley Street, on "The New Jerusalem."—Mrs. Nicoll, the wife of the Rev. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the talented editor of the *British Weekly*, the *Expositor*, and the *Bookman*, died suddenly at their Hampstead home yesterday. Mrs. Nicoll was only thirty-six years old, and a peculiarly sympathetic helpmeet to her distinguished husband. In his bereavement he will have the sympathy of all who have ever enjoyed the genial atmosphere of hospitality which pervaded his home on the breezy heights of Hampstead.

Monday. The Prince of Wales held a Levée.—Sir George Williams was presented with the freedom of London in connection with the Y.M.C.A. Jubilee.—The two troopers of the Bechuanaland Police who suppressed a message of submission sent by Lobengula and appropriated money forwarded by the King were sentenced at Buluwayo to fourteen years' penal servitude.

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M E T R O P O L I T A N H O S P I T A L S U N D A Y F U N D.
Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1894.
Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor.
Cheques and Post-Office Orders, made payable to the Secretary, Mr. Henry N. Custance, should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

JUNE 6, 1894

THE SKETCH.

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LILLIES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, FRURY STREET, S.W.

LONDON'S LATEST
HOTEL.

In no part of London have architectural additions and improvements been more conspicuous of late than in "kingly Kensington" and its immediate neighbourhood. The most recent is the completion of the Royal Palace Hotel, suggesting, in its Elizabethan style of architecture, one of the most brilliant epochs of English history, while its situation on Crown property (on the site of the old King's Arms, referred to by Thackeray), in close contiguity to Kensington Palace, where the daughter of the Duke of Kent was first greeted as Queen, connects the new building topographically with a reign still more glorious, and having, naturally, more interest for us all at the present day. "*Rus in urbe*" might appropriately be the motto of the palatial pile opened to the public last week, for its lovely situation, justly claimed to be the finest hotel site in London, gives it the parterres of Kensington Gardens for a pleasure and the area of Hyde Park for its grounds, while from its flat roof, 120 feet high, the Royal Standard on Windsor Castle may be despatched. In the lavish display of marble decoration, mural papering of bold Japanese and delicate French patterns, with upholstery which does the highest credit to Messrs. Norton and Co., of Birmingham, one seems to have attained to the acme of elegance and the supreme point of comfort. One of the many striking features of the hotel is its club-like quietude, induced by the extraordinary thickness of the Axminster pile carpeting its grand staircase, its long, wide corridors, and, indeed, all the capacious *salons* and dining-halls, morning-rooms, reading-rooms, and lounges. The hotel contains no less than 350 rooms, and especially attractive to those who do not care to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in shut-off flats will be the suites of three and four rooms, in which one can feel thoroughly at home, while a staff of servants and a *cuisine* over which M. Jules Roux, a *chef* of



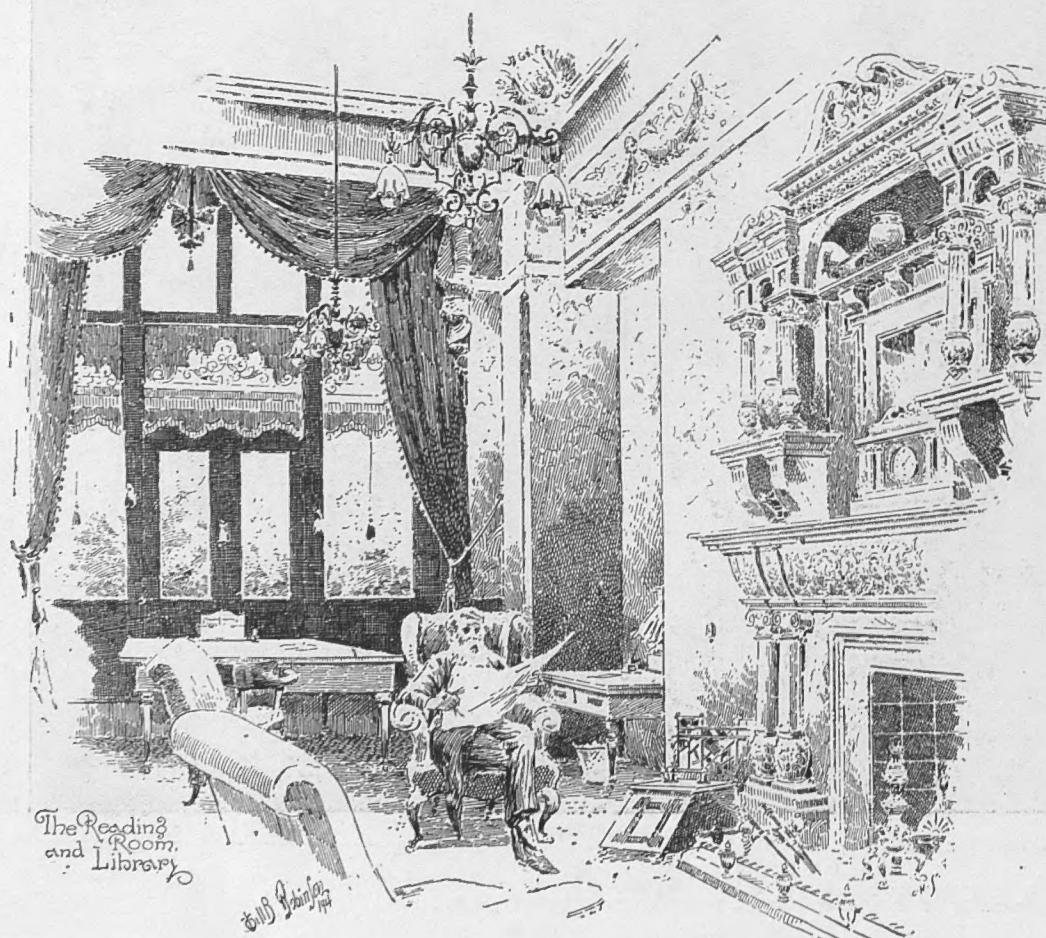
Royal
Palace Hotel,
Kensington.

chefs, reigns are always ready to minister to the wants of the inner man. The newest thing in lifts, the latest improvement in bath and other sanitary arrangements, and the most elegant electric-lighting appliances deservedly claim commendation.

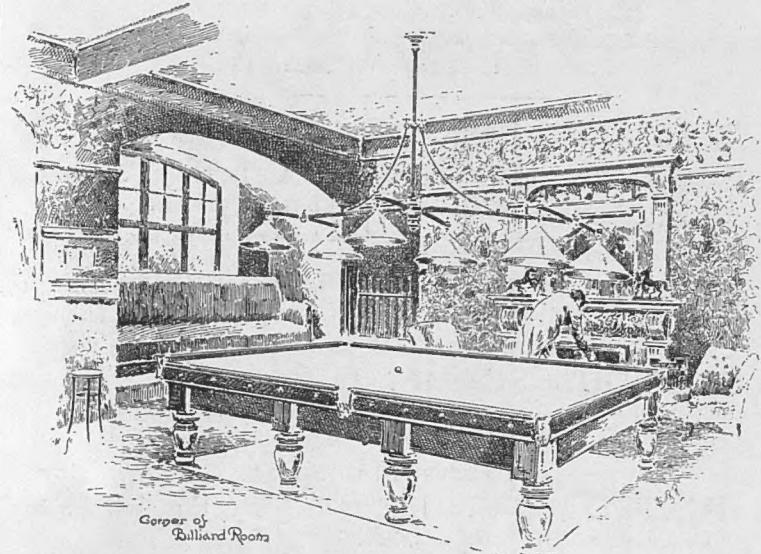
On the ground-floor there are, besides several private dining-rooms, a reception-room, a cigar-divan—to minister to the wants of lovers of

"my lady Nicotine"—a theatrical ticket-office, where seats can be booked for the chief places of amusement; a telephone-room, which is a convenient link between the hotel and the outside world; a splendid billiard-room, and hair-dressing saloons. Of course, one of the special advantages lies in the hotel's central position in the western world of London, close to the Albert Hall, Olympia, and the Imperial Institute. From the ground-floor, the views from the windows will be quite a revelation to persons who have never seen in Kensington Gardens the beauty celebrated in verse by the late Matthew Arnold in one of his prettiest poems. On a fine day the perspective is extremely lovely. On the upper ground-floor we have a tastefully-decorated drawing-room, an excellent library and writing-room, and a capital coffee-room and *table-d'hôte* room. There is a comfortable lounge fitted up in Eastern fashion, with a lazy luxury quite in keeping with the traditions of the Occidental portion of the globe.

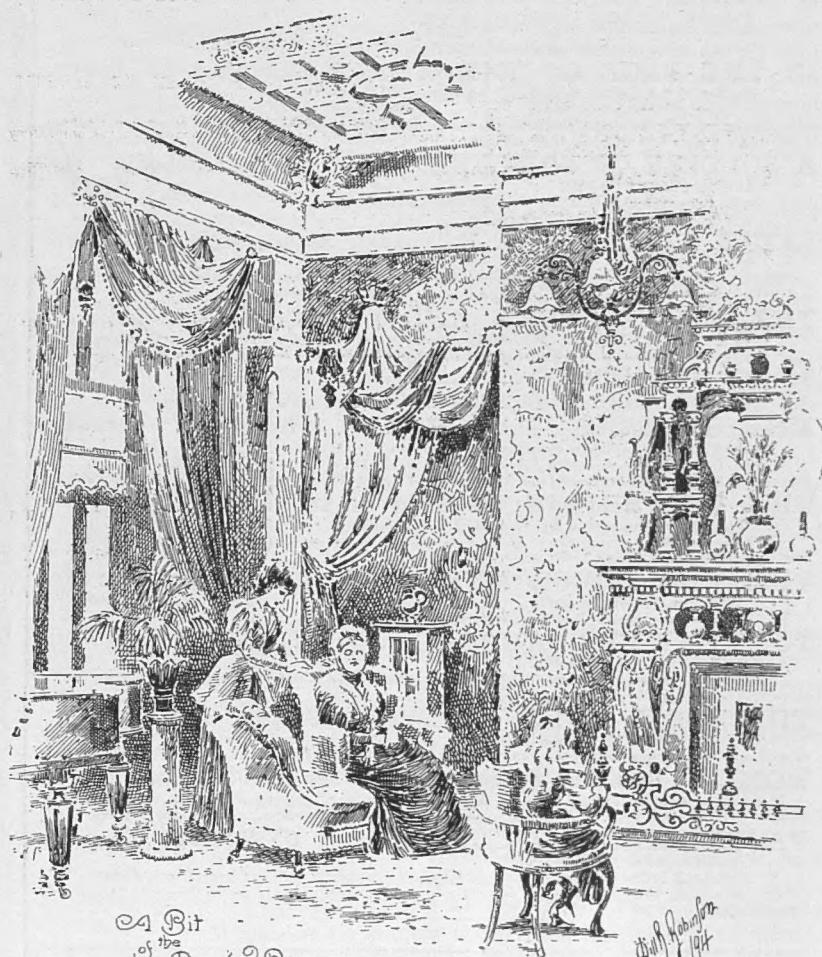
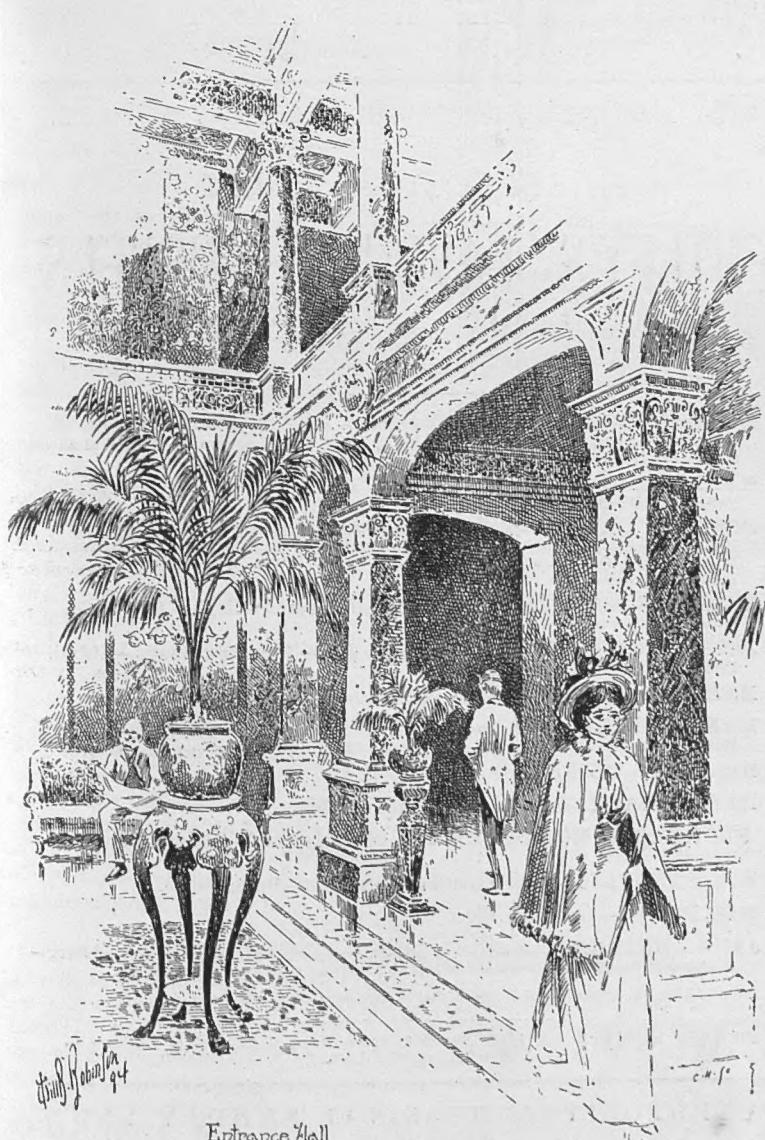
A strong directorate, under the chairmanship of Mr. T. Ernest Polden, and including Messrs. Edward Howard Rand, Eugene Cremetti, J. B. Chalmers, and Thomas Pearson, watches over the fortunes of the hotel, to which hostages have been given to the tune of nearly a quarter of a million. The courteous manager is Mr. C. Cox-Hughes. Situated, as the hotel is, in one of the most fashionable neighbourhoods of the Metropolis, it will certainly attract the custom of the best families. We hear already that several sets of "smart" people have "discovered" the hotel as a dinner resort, particularly on Sunday evening.



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MISS PAULINE JORAN.

Most infant prodigies leave fame behind them with their short frocks and their Fauntleroy suits; but one of those who has only exchanged a lesser for a greater fame is Miss Pauline Joran, the young American lady, who began her public career ten years ago in America as a child violinist, and who, only the other day, sang, for the second time within little more than a year, in a royal "command" performance at Windsor.

The bright-faced young lady, whose portrait we give in the two *rôles* which she has sung at Windsor, Siebel in Gounod's "Faust" and Beppe in "L'Amico Fritz," had just returned from Windsor when I visited her in her rooms in a quiet Bloomsbury square, and was quite willing to



Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool.

MISS PAULINE JORAN AS SIEBEL IN "FAUST."

talk, in her frank, unaffected manner, of the pleasure of singing at Windsor, speaking with enthusiasm of the thoughtful arrangements made for the comfort of the company, and of the delight of singing before so appreciative and sympathetic an audience as that of the Queen and her visitors.

"I have always felt nervous singing elsewhere," said Miss Joran; "but not at Windsor."

About her marvellous career the young singer is ready to talk modestly and unaffectedly, dwelling with evident pleasure on her recent visit to Italy, where she spent three months at Milan studying under Vittorio Vanzo, Galli, and Moretti. Though in this country—owing, no doubt, to her success as Beppe—Miss Joran has nearly always been cast for contralto *rôles*, her masters in Italy and the *impresario* before whom she sang at the Casa Sonzogno pronounced her voice a soprano. "Cara," said one old *maestro* when, interpreting his silence as disappointment, the young singer pressed him for criticisms of her technique and method, "God has given you a beautiful natural voice. Let it alone. There is no need to force it. You are young. In three or four years you will have a great dramatic voice."

From Mrs. Joran, who is her daughter's constant companion, and who keeps careful watch over the highly-strung physique of one endowed in a remarkable degree with the artistic temperament, I heard once more the story of the youthful Pauline's wonderful career, which began at California at the age of thirteen. During the next five years the young violinist toured in the Australian Colonies, in South America, and Mexico, giving concerts with her two sisters, who are now studying as pianists at Vienna.

The three sisters grew up in an atmosphere of music, both parents being musical, while Herr Joran, an Austrian, was a painter as well as a musician. In San Francisco, where, though a native of Chicago, Pauline spent most of her youth, the little violinist had lessons from

Charles Goffré, an old artist who had been for thirty years in the orchestra at Covent Garden, under the leadership of Sir Michael Costa. Pauline had always sung as well as fiddled, and in Mexico she had some lessons from Signor Testa, whose wife was an intimate friend of Adelina Patti.

But concert-giving and violin practice left little time for regular study of singing, until, when Pauline was seventeen, the sisters went with their mother to Berlin. There, while pursuing her violin studies under M. Émile Sauret, Miss Joran studied singing under Professor Hey. From Berlin the musical sisters and their mother came to London, and Pauline had lessons from Madame Liebhardt, a friend of Titien, and once the rage of London, a lady of whom her distinguished pupil speaks with warm affection.

It was the part of Beppe in "L'Amico Fritz" that suggested to Miss Joran an opportunity of combining her two musical gifts, singing and fiddling, though it was as Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," and not as Beppe, that she made her *début* at Manchester with the Carl Rosa Company in a trial performance in March, 1892.

Her dark eyes glow with enthusiasm as Miss Joran tells once more of her meeting with Mascagni at the conclusion of her tour with the Carl Rosa Company. "It was in the *salon* of Covent Garden," she says, in response to my request that she herself should tell me of that meeting, which was the fulfilment of her youthful ambition. "They had just finished a rehearsal of 'I Rantzau,' and the room was filled with artists, conductors, and musical notables; but I saw only Mascagni, and I played only for him, Elise playing my accompaniments. When I finished there was a general 'Brava!' and Mascagni came up and shook hands with me and said 'Brava!' and something else in Italian which I did not understand. But from that moment it was understood that I was Beppe, and within half an hour I had signed a contract with Sir Augustus Harris, not only for the rest of the season, but for the rest of the year and for 1894, and by the next day my name was in the bills. I sang in all the performances of 'L'Amico Fritz' and 'Cavalleria,' which were given under Mascagni's direction, and, with Madame Calvé and Signori Vignas and Ancona, sang in the performances of these two operas at Windsor, conducted by Mascagni, on July 15. We had lovely souvenirs from the Queen, mine being a diamond brooch."

Besides Beppe, Arline, and Siebel, Miss Joran has sung the music of Djamileh (the *rôle* of which she created), Lazarillo, both Lola and Santuzza in "Cavalleria," Venus in "Tannhäuser," Urbano in "Les Huguenots," and Carmen, the last at a costume rehearsal. Beppe, Siebel, and Mignon are the young singer's favourite parts. For Mignon, in which London opera-goers will, no doubt, one day see her, Miss Joran has the happy idea of introducing a violin solo in the first act, where the little heroine is dragged from the cart and told to amuse the guests.

A. L. S.



Photo by Robinson, Dublin.
AS BEPPE IN "L'AMICO FRITZ."

B

A FRENCH PANTOMIME.

The first representation, not only in England, but anywhere else, was given at the Prince of Wales's Club of "One for Two," a pantomime in one act by Maurice Hennequin, the famous French comic opera librettist, and the music by M. P. Q. Hillemacher. The cast included only three performers—Columbine, Mdlle. Méaly, of the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris; Pierrot, M. H. Samary, of the Comédie Française, Paris; and Qeandre, M. Fugère, of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, Paris.

With such composers and such an interpretation, it can be readily believed that the large and critical audience in the Club Theatre settled themselves down to witness a treat, and they were not disappointed.



Photo by Nadar, Paris.

M. FUGÈRE.

A most delightful and dainty little performance was the result, lasting about fifteen minutes. The scene showed a sitting-room with a pretty young housekeeper being made love to by her master, Pierrot. His face is slapped, and he is dismissed with much scornful coquetry on her part and amorous pleading on his. Finally, he takes his hat and cane, and leaves with a slam of the door. Then enters the lover, Qeandre, and much delight is most cleverly, yet decorously, expressed. Then a loud knock announces the return of the master, and the lover is bundled into an adjoining room with a dress in his arms and instructions to attire himself as a woman. The angry master enters, but is soon soothed by his housekeeper; and then, to her dismay, the latter is unceremoniously pushed through the street-door, with a market-basket, to fetch something for supper. Next enters Qeandre disguised in petticoats. He is made up as an old maid, and begins proceedings by explaining that his, or, better, her, presence in the house is due to the love he, or she, has acquired for Pierrot. Pierrot gradually falls into the trap, and becomes very demonstrative, until he, in his turn, is interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, announcing the return of Columbine. Once more Qeandre is bundled into the adjacent room, but this time he is given a bundle of Pierrot's clothes and told to disguise himself as a man. Presently Qeandre emerges, in the midst of mutual recriminations of Pierrot and Columbine, attired as a Pierrot, and for a moment there is general consternation. Then Columbine recognises her lover, while Pierrot presumes she does not see through the disguise, but merely supposes that her master has invited a friend to supper. All sit down to table, and the curtain closes on Qeandre kissing the lips of Columbine, while Pierrot is on his knees kissing Qeandre's foot, still under the idea, of course, that he is a woman. Such is the story, perfectly spoken in dumb language, and accompanied by music which is almost equally language, but of the most delicate and true character. M. Samary has added two more acts to "One for Two," to which M. Hillemacher will provide the music, and which he hopes to produce soon.

J. B. L.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The intense cold at last promises to break up, and to-day, although very unseasonable for the beginning of June, is certainly a little warmer and the sun condescending enough to show he is still in existence. The winds, however, are worthy of March, and pinched faces and red noses are the order of the day. More snow has fallen, even as far south as Lyons, and the vine crops about Macon, I hear, have especially suffered most severely from the frequent hailstorms that have of late prevailed. Altogether, it looks rather bad for the Battle of Flowers on the 9th and 10th of this month, which is held annually in the Bois de Boulogne; people are much more inclined to stop at home this kind of weather than drive about half-frozen.

Princess Metternich is in Paris again, and everybody who has the good fortune to know this most fascinating lady is in ecstasies at seeing her again. I was told, the other day, a most amusing anecdote of her, when first she made her appearance at the Court of Napoleon III. as a young and not very prepossessing bride. She gave everybody the impression of being very timid and shy, as she talked but little, and, consequently, was left pretty much to herself. The Imperial Court about this time was very dull, and Princess Metternich, saying little, but thinking much, one day at Compiègne acted a charade invented by herself, and with herself as sole interpreter. In the first act she offered a cake on a silver plate to the Emperor; then, the second time, to the Empress; the third time to the Prince Imperial. Then, advancing seriously to the Emperor, she made him what is commonly known as a "snook," or "long nose," and ended her charade by a *grande révérence de présentation!* The word was "Metternich." After thus electrifying and delighting the whole Court by her wit and audacity, the Princess speedily became the life and soul of every ball or party. The Marquis de Massa wrote his famous *revue* in 1867 especially for her, acted at the theatre of Compiègne, in which the Prince Imperial and his cousin, the Comte Joseph Primoli, also took part, and in which the Princess sang, danced, grimaced, and posed in a style unrivalled even by Judic.

At the Palais de l'Industrie the results have not been very satisfactory for the awarding the medals of honour for works exhibited in this year's Salon. In the section of Architecture, M. Georges Paul Chédanne obtained the necessary majority for his study of the Pantheon at Rome; but in the department of Painting the first three on the list, the result of the first ballot, were M. Luminais, M. Hébert, and M. Benjamin-Constant. The second and third ballots were the same, and consequently no medal of honour was awarded. The same with Sculpture. M. Carlès headed the list at each ballot, but failed to obtain the necessary majority of votes.

At the Hôtel Drouot, last week, a collection of modern pictures was sold, among which a "Chef Arabe," by Schryver, fetched 8000 francs; a landscape by Daubigny 3200 francs; "Chaumiére près d'un Ruisseau," by Dupré, 5500 francs; "Galère Royale," by Delort, 4000 francs; a view of Venice, by Zier, 10,000 francs; and, what seems perfectly inexplicable, the fine picture of "La Charette Renversée," by Edouard Detaille, was sold for 200 francs!

At the Polo Club, the Due de Luynes recently gave a supper party to all the members, which began at 2 a.m. and ended at 8 a.m. Supper was served in a large marquee erected on the lawn. Madame Jeanne Granier, Paulus, and other artists entertained the company, who all seemed highly delighted with the late hours and novel experience of supping in broad daylight.

A typical French *drame* has just been enacted between two women, under the following circumstances: Madame N., a young and pretty widow, wished to sell her business, and was introduced to a Monsieur Z., whose occupation it is to arrange all matters between buyers and sellers, with a view to profitably disposing of her property. The acquaintance soon ripened into something of a more familiar kind, and Madame Z. began to have doubts of her husband's fidelity, and swore to revenge herself in a way that would tell no tales. Madame N.'s business was soon sold for 10,000 francs, and she received an amiable letter from Madame Z., asking her to come to the house to fetch the money, which had been paid over to her husband. Suspecting nothing, Madame N. repaired to the rendezvous, and no sooner had she entered the parlour than the door was locked behind her by Madame N., who, backed up by two formidable-looking servants, produced a revolver from her pocket, and holding it straight at her terrified rival's face, said, "Ah! I know all about your *liaison* with my husband, *miserable*, and if you don't at once give me a receipt for 10,000 francs I'll blow out your brains!" Madame N., in spite of her awful fright, resolutely refused to sign away her money in that manner, when, in a trice, the two servants threw her to the ground and held her in a vice, while Madame Z., armed with a thick whip, thrashed her until her arms were tired out, and then she was thrust outside. Mad with rage, Madame N. rushed to the nearest Commissary of Police, related her woes, and showed her wounds to his sympathetic eyes. She was very pretty, and before long had the sweet satisfaction of seeing Madame Z. sent off to prison for her misdeeds, and consoled herself in the company of the belligerent woman's husband, the cause of all the trouble, with whom she went that night to the circus and supper!

MIMOSA,



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE CANDIDATE," AT THE CRITERION.

"Hurrah!" cried Lady Oldaere.

"What glorious news!" shouted Mrs. Amos.

"Now the House of Lords is safe, and we'll have in a brass band and all the tenants to celebrate your election," said the Dowager Countess Osterley. Out they all rushed to make preparations to do honour to the elect of Easthampton.

"Stop this tomfoolery; it's all wrong. Yes, you're elected; but—but you're elected as a Radical!" Saying, Mr. Alarie Baffin sat down with a groan and hid his face in his hands, while Lord Oldaere leaned against a table, horror-struck.

For his Lordship came of one of the oldest, most Conservative families in England, and had married into another; indeed, the Dowager Countess Osterley was the embodiment of Primrose Damnedom, and did more to render the House of Lords ridiculous by her active support than any other woman in the land. His Lordship had suffered acutely from too much politics, agriculture, and mother-in-law. Even the charms of his wife—a really beautiful, amiable woman—did not render home palatable to him, for she sided with mamma and martyrdom. Moreover, he was so jealously guarded that little exerts—to use the Charterhouse term—to town were barely possible. Lord Oldaere arrived at the state of mind of the starling in "A Sentimental Journey," and "I can't get out" was the burden of his daily song. Perhaps his plight was no worse than that of his secretary and old friend, Alarie Baffin, who, though an ardent Radical, had to live in this Tory atmosphere, and even aid actively the party he detested.

Matters grew intense. Lord Oldaere had written a play—at least, he had thought of it, and Baffin had merely worked out his ideas—so the aristocratic author was anxious to get it acted and to consult the pretty Miss Tremaine, a London actress, about it. Captain Hazlefoot played Perseus to this Andromeda. He had been implored to stand as Conservative for the fiercely Radical town of Easthampton, and intended to refuse, since the streets of the town were full of sweet, sad memories of Arabella Goodeve, whom he had courted *pour le bon motif*, believing her to be a widow, on whom he had spent £4000 ere he found out that Goodeve had merely said "Au revoir," and not "Good night."

Lord Oldaere had a happy thought, such a "happy thought" as those which used to lead Mr. Burnand's hero to misfortune. Why should not he pretend to stand for Easthampton, and really have "a good time" in town? No doubt, there were difficulties, but there was also Baffin. "You shall go to Easthampton," he said to Alarie, "call yourself Lord Oldaere, pose as Conservative, lose the election decently, and have *carte blanche* for expenses and pleasures." Baffin consented—he was not a refusing kind of man. Off went the gay Lord to London and Tremaine, and did his best "to paint the town" the colour of the pillar-boxes.

Baffin's experience was appalling at the start. When he reached the town he was met by 10,000 electors, who asked him what were his politics and what sort of bricks he liked best. Then they made him get on an engine-shed and unbosom himself to his constituents. There was a tank close by, and the sight of the water damped Mr. Baffin's factious warmth for the Conservative cause. He considered the position and the painfully evident feelings of the public, and declared himself one of them. Then, rising to the occasion and the highest point of the shed, he "poured Baffin" on the people—he proved himself to be a mighty demagogue. After this he could not go back to Conservatism without going back to Oldaere's home and going back on his Lordship.

Moreover, he met Arabella and fell in love. The moments that he could spare from politics he gave to passion, and mingled oaths of fidelity to the great unwashed with vows of constancy to the spurious widow. When the Conservative candidate—for one was found at the last moment—gave tea to 5000 electors, he outbid him with tea-and-shrimps for 6000, and he used his *carte blanche* in giving presents to the tune of £700 to the faithless creature that had drawn £4000 out of Hazlefoot. The result was a splendid disaster. Easthampton out-Easthamptoned itself, and returned the sham Lord Oldaere as Radical representative by a majority of 1500 votes.

It seems an insult to the intelligent reader to dwell on the troubles that befell Lord Oldaere when the truth was out that he was in—almost as an Anarchist—and when Arabella's love-letter and photo to Lord Oldaere, her "poppety-wop darling," came to the hands of his mother-in-law. The agony that he and Baffin endured ere they made up their minds to explain the whole affair was fearful. The end was the Chiltern Hundreds, and the emancipation of Lord and Lady Oldaere from the tyranny of the Dowager Countess. Baffin's heart is still open to offers from ladies without a history.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's adaptation of A. Bisson's play is an admirable piece of work. Without trying to apportion praise between author and adapter, I may say that the result is a thoroughly amusing play, with an ingenious plot and brilliant dialogue, and no one can see it without being heartily amused. The acting does full justice to it. Mr. Wyndham is, undoubtedly, at his very best as Lord Oldaere, and "keeps the pot a-boiling" incessantly. Mr. George Giddens is very funny as Baffin. There is no need to say that Miss Mary Moore acted prettily as an *ingénue*, while hearty praise may be given to Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Pattie Browne, and Mr. Frank Worthing for very clever acting, and hearty admiration to Miss Miriam Clements for her beauty.

MONOCLE.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

The wedding of Lady Victoria Blackwood, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in the chapel of the British Embassy, Paris, to the Hon. William Plunket, eldest son of Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, was appointed to take place yesterday. We have the pleasure of giving this week two portraits of Lady Victoria, one taken the other day and the other ten years ago, when she was ten years of age. There is a special interest in the latter, as she appears in the costume of Lady Teazle, heroine of the play of her great-great-grandfather, the celebrated politician and prince of dramatists, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She and her younger brother, Lord Frederick Blackwood, who took the part of Sir Peter Teazle, acted several scenes from "The School for Scandal" on the stage which had been constructed in the ball-room of the Embassy in Constantinople, where Lord Dufferin



Photo by Abdullah, Constantinople.
LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD AS LADY TEAZLE.

was Ambassador at the time. It was nominally a performance for the home circle only; but Lady Dufferin's clever little son and daughter interpreted their *rôles* so skilfully that different members of the Embassy and other friends were allowed to assist at the representation, which was pronounced a great success. As Lady Dufferin's own talents as an amateur actress are well known, it is not surprising that Lady Victoria should display some aptitude for the art; but it is probable that the Ambassador herself felt some surprise when she saw how completely her bright little girl was transformed into a dangerously fascinating coquette of the last century from the moment she cast aside the short frocks befitting her years and donned the white satin gown and swansdown-bordered train which had been prepared for her. A string of pearls was fastened round her throat, her long brown coils were coiled up on the top of her dainty little head; then, a fan being placed in her hand, she was quite ready to march up and down the stage, stamping her tiny foot, and shrugging her small shoulders in defiance of the irate husband, who, leaning goutily upon his cane and shaking his powdered wig, refused to grant some madcap whim of the little country girl he had brought up to town as his bride. Sir Peter then sat down to sulk in silence, but, scold or brood as he might, he was no match for her minute Ladyship, who, perching herself on the arm of his chair and placing a little hand on his shoulder, proceeded to coax, cajole, and caress him, until he was ready to let her do as she listed, and to decide, on his own part, that the punishment that comes on an old man who marries a young wife was one which could be borne very lightly indeed.



LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIIDGE CRESCENT, W.



MISS CISSY LOFTUS AS YVETTE GUILBERT, AT THE PALACE THEATRE.
DRAWN BY R. PONSONBY STAPLES.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, who is in excellent health and spirits, continues to lead the usual quiet routine at Balmoral. Every fine afternoon her Majesty has taken a long drive, but she has not yet visited Braemar, the excursions, so far, having been confined to the Glassalt Shiel, Birkhall, and other places which can be reached by the private drives, which extend for many miles within the royal domains.

The Queen's Balmoral and Abergeldie stretches on the Dee have been yielding large numbers of salmon during the last few weeks, and splendid sport has been obtained. The Birkhall water has been placed at the disposal of the officers in command of the Royal Guard, which is stationed at Ballater while the Court is at Balmoral.

Over one thousand invitations were issued by the Lord Chamberlain for last week's State Concert, and there was a very large attendance, every place in the ball-room being occupied when the royal procession entered, shortly after eleven o'clock. The Princess of Wales, in black satin, and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, came first, and were followed by Princess Christian and the Duchess of Connaught, and then came the other Princesses. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of the Abruzzi headed the Princes' procession, and the suites came last. The room was beautifully decorated with palms and flowering plants, while the staircases were lined with lilies and a variety of flowers, shown off to the best advantage by the electric light. As soon as the concert had concluded, the royalties proceeded in procession to the supper-room, followed by the Corps Diplomatique. A long buffet surrounded three sides of the room, and the supper consisted of soup and all kinds of cold dishes, with quantities of grapes, strawberries, and peaches from the Frogmore gardens. There was an ample supply of the famous Hock cup, and the wines were, as usual, unexceptionable. The dresses were generally very handsome, and there was a wonderful display of jewels, those worn by the Maharajah Kuch Behar being specially noticeable. The royalties had all left by about half-past one, and the police was cleared of the guests soon after two o'clock.

Talking over the existence of too many papers and periodicals the other day with an American who is nothing if not smart, I was surprised to hear that our friends across the "drink" are much better supplied than we. "Do they all manage to get along?" I said. "Most of them," he replied. That set me wondering, for I have seen a lot of the struggles of small papers, and the way some of them manage to drag out an existence in London fills me with surprise. I asked him how the smaller ones managed to pay their way, and he told me that they did not trouble themselves about so doing, and that their method was to let the printer wait, and steal their literary matter from English journals. I asked him if that could be done with impunity, and he said they thought more of scissors and paste as a means to the end. "Let me give you an example," he continued. "You know the *Blank*, that funny London paper. Well, in America there is a paper I'll call the *Dash*, which lives entirely upon it. When a copy of the *Blank* reaches the office of the *Dash*, its tales are stolen bodily, and republished over the signature of one of the *Dash*'s young men, and the illustrations are reproduced, signed by the artists of the *Dash*, which has the reputation of being a very smart paper. If by any mischance the *Blank* were to come to an untimely end, the *Dash* must follow suit." "Why doesn't the *Blank* sue the *Dash*?" I asked. "It would be a useless undertaking," my friend replied; "the expense would be enormous, and the only profit that would accrue would be to the lawyers. They used to be very furious about it at first, but now they grin and swear it."

One aspect of the cab strike has been overlooked: it is the increased facility afforded by it to pickpockets. Between the hours of eleven and midnight the Strand, Leicester Square, and Piccadilly have been happy hunting-ground for all sorts and conditions of thieves. A few nights ago, while walking with a friend through Coventry Street, he was smartly eased of nearly a sovereign's worth of silver he carried in his overcoat pocket. A boy came up pretending to sell papers, of which he had a large bundle over his left arm, and, using these as a shield, he left my friend in a silverless state. Almost at the same moment, a man, who was passing with his coat open, had his chain cut and watch removed by one of the descendants of Autolycus. He saw the thief and started in pursuit, but before he had gone ten yards was promptly tripped up by a confederate. The police are well-nigh powerless at a time when people are too much interested in getting home to look after their property. The whole business is carefully plotted out: one man collars the coveted property, another gets in the victim's way if he attempts pursuit, and, in addition to these, there is generally some innocent-looking receiver round an adjacent corner, into whose outstretched hands the booty is dropped by the flying thief. People should be very careful to look well after the numerous paper and match vendors, cab-callers, and cadgers who persist in following them out of a place of entertainment, and they should, moreover, button their coats tightly over such watches, chains, and sovereign-purses as are too much in evidence. Above all, suspect those street-arabs who follow close at your heels, talking in a mechanical way, and so manipulating their movements that their left arm doesn't show what their right hand is doing. But, apart from pickpockets, the absence of cabs in the evenings has seriously affected the audiences at theatres, and managers will be glad to hear of a settlement of the dispute.

A pleasant story about one of the new knights, Sir Isaac Pitman, comes to my recollection. Some years ago the old gentleman was walking through a great printing-office in the country, unknown to the majority of the workers therein. He happened to notice a young fellow industriously practising shorthand, so Sir Isaac got into conversation with him, and inquired what system he favoured. "Why, Pitman's, of course," replied the youth; "no other system is a patch on that." This frank avowal so delighted the founder that he revealed his name to the student, and promised to personally correct his exercises in shorthand if he would forward them to Bath. And Sir Isaac faithfully kept his promise. Was it not rather cruel of the *Standard* to call Sir Isaac "a well-known shorthand writer"? A few members of Parliament are shorthand-writers, and find the art uncommonly useful in taking notes of opponents' speeches; Mr. Tim Healy is one of this group.

Mr. Will E. Chapman, the Chief of the Press Department at the Earl's Court Exhibition, has secured his present position by reason of a varied experience as showman and Pressman. He began life as an actor. After a long apprenticeship in the provinces, he went to America with Barry Sullivan to assist in the management and as general understudy. Then he joined the late John Brougham in his tour through the United States. From America he travelled through the East and West Indies, and subsequently accompanied Herr August Wilhelmj, the celebrated violinist, to Australia. After travelling throughout Australasia, and fulfilling a last professional engagement with Madame Modjeska, Mr. Chapman determined to adopt journalism. That was fifteen years ago. He began in Sydney, and wandered to the Adelaide *South Australian Register*, as dramatic critic and special writer. In the latter capacity he



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

MR. W. E. CHAPMAN.

started for the Soudan in 1884, and after the recall of our troops made an extensive journey through Palestine and Syria, after which he returned to London, contributing extensively to his Australian paper. But the allurements of the Savage Club and other old haunts proved too strong for him to be attracted back to the Antipodes, and he has remained in the Metropolis. During the time that has since elapsed he has been connected with the *New York Times*, the *Boston Herald*, the *Sportsman*, the *Scotsman*, the *Evening News and Post*, the *Morning Mail*, the *Manchester Umpire*. As "Ithuriel" on the *Topical Times*, he started interviewing as a special department, besides writing the theatrical criticisms for that paper. Then he founded and edited the bright but brief-lived *London*, and he was for a short time editor of the *Players*. During the entire run of "Venice at Olympia" Mr. Chapman had charge of the Press arrangements. He is an ardent balloonist, and has made twenty-six ascents in this country and America. At present he is engaged on a book recounting some of the wanderings of his adventurous career.

The cheapest dinner at the price sent to table in London, and probably in the world, is that served to the eight senior barristers, according to their date of call, who happen to be present on Grand Night, occurring once in each term, in the Inner Temple Hall. The junior "messes" also have extra allowances on that evening—which, by-the-way, is the only occasion when distinguished visitors are entertained by the Benches—but it is only to the extent of an extra bottle, always champagne, among four men, and an extra dish, generally a goose or a turkey. The Senior Eight, however, have a dinner out of all proportion, although the price is equally only three shillings per head. Some privilege, after all, is due to age among its many drawbacks. This is the menu of last Grand Night, which fell on Wednesday—

Hors d'Oeuvres: Croquantes de Poissons Variés. Potages: Tortue Clair, Tortue Lié, Gras Verts, Consommé de Volaille. Poissons: Filets de Rougets Parisiens, Saumon Gaufré Norvégien, Blancharie Anglaise. Entrées: Rissolettes Crème de Mer, Ris de Veau à la Richelieu, Petits Caisses de Cailles Monglas, Côtelettes d'Agneau aux Pois. Relévés: Poulets à la Montmorency, Hache de Venaison, Selle de Mouton, Jambon Anglais. Rôts: Cailles, Caneton, Petits Pois, Asperge Naturel. Entremets: D'Aspic Varié, Célestine de Fraises Chantilly, Gateaux à la Compiègne, Treasurer's Pudding, Soufflé Glacé à la Victoria. Relévés: Pâté de Foie Gras, Pailles à la Royale. Glaces: Crème de Fraises, Eau de Citron, Crème de Pain Bis. Wines: Two bottles of Mouton Rothschild, Four bottles of Champagne (Koedinger's 1880), Two bottles of Port, Punch, and Liqueurs.

Mr. Gladstone is studying a novel. He cannot read it himself, but he has it read to him by Canon MacColl. To mention its name would be to give it a tremendous advertisement. I can see the publisher's heading: "The Novel Which Is Read Aloud To The Grand Old Man Because He Cannot Wait Till He Has Recovered His Sight To Read It Himself." That would look pretty well at the head of a column in large type. The enterprising publisher might circulate a picture representing the venerable statesman sitting with bandaged eyes, listening intently to the Canon's reading. But, as this would really be an unfair advantage to this novel over others which are equally deserving, I am going to disappoint the publisher by withholding the name of the fortunate book. Probably Mr. Gladstone will now be overwhelmed with letters from eager publishers asking him to give the title on a reply postcard.

It is not, I think, universally known that "G. Colmore," the author of such clever novels as "A Daughter of Music" and "A Conspiracy of Silence," is not a member of the sterner sex. The person, indeed, who but partially veils her identity beneath the *nom de guerre* of "G. Colmore" is a lady among ladies, slight and delicate in appearance, and most refined and gentle in manner. Her Christian name is Georgina, and she is the wife of a barrister, Mr. Henry Arthur Colmore Dunn, who resides somewhere in the Hyde Park district. The novelist is still well in the prime of life, and is one of the most charming of hostesses. She is very fond of music, as, of course, would be obvious to all readers of her latest book. One by one, the identity of novelists who write under pseudonyms is disclosed, after any amount of conjecture has surrounded the subject.

Some curmudgeon—may his bones be rattled perpetually in a dog-box between London and Brighton—has been complaining to the officials of the Brighton Railway with regard to the presence of small dogs in the carriages, where, by a kindly relaxation of the company's by-law, they have for years been permitted to accompany their owners. Now, it appears, the by-law in question is to be stringently enforced, to the grief of all who own small canine friends and are accustomed to travel with them. Everyone knows what a nervous dog suffers when separated from its master or mistress, and thrust into the dark recesses of the dog-box, or the unhomelike surroundings of the guard's van. It was only by the good nature of certain officials, who shall certainly be nameless and numberless, that I was able the other day to prevent a lady friend of mine from being torn from her pet—indeed, she threatened to accompany it in the van—a dog of most excellent behaviour, who will sit on her lap, without moving, from Victoria to Brighton, and does not even bark when it sees the hideous red boards of a certain pill-manufacturer, which disfigure the Surrey woods and the Sussex homesteads. Perhaps, passengers on the Brighton line who, like myself, are lovers and admirers of dogs will take steps to obtain some mercy for them from the officials. If a baby may howl from London-by-the-Sea to London proper without intermission—as one did with me the other day—and without interference, surely a well-behaved dog may sit quietly with its owner. At any rate, let us have consistency. If the dog-box is enforced, for heaven's sake let us have a nursery van.

"Set a thief to catch a thief" is, with variations, a little game with which Imperial Russia has been amusing her leisure lately. Carrier pigeons having come so much into fashion as international newsmongers, both in France, Austria, Germany, England, and Italy, Russia thought she would go one better than her acquaintances, and has lately established a checkmate system in the revival of hawking, which, if brought to answer as efficiently as its organisers hope, will certainly put some Court gossip at the Cossack's disposal. The principal difficulty to be got over with the omnivorous hawk, however, is his inclination to gobble up and summarily dispose of the unfortunate pigeon. If he can only be induced to realise the greater refinement of cruelty in simply collaring his victim and bringing him home intact, then Russia may be definitely handed over the Aérial Department to do with as she will. But, meanwhile, it does not do to kill the spy or message-carrier before learning his business, and until this Petersburg penny is perfected for the European slot "the system" of which we have been hearing so much may go hang—I mean, hang fire.

Miss Margaret Ford is slowly but surely on her way to St. James's Hall. I heard her, years ago, make a most promising appearance in Highbury Athenæum; since that date she has become a sub-professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and on Tuesday, 29th ult., she gave an admirable concert at St. Martin's Hall. Miss Ford, in her style as a pianist, has advanced from Northern frigidity of correctness to Western mellowness and refinement. She played Oscar Beringer's "Ballade" most delightfully, and joined with Miss Ethel Barns in a masterly rendering of the "Kreutzer Sonata"—one of those works to which Schopenhauer always listened with closed eyes. Further evidence of the advance made by Miss Ford in maturity of method was shown in selections by Schumann, Chopin—of whom she is an admirable interpreter—and Stojowski. Miss Ethel Barns's solos were Sauret's familiar "Barcarolle" and a bright mazurka of her own composition. Miss Kate Coyle was so successful in Professor Walter Macfarren's songs that she had to repeat his tuneful melody, "The Linnet Song." Professor Macfarren's Sonata in F also figured on the programme. Mr. Arthur Thompson likewise commended himself and two songs by Miss Laura Lemon to the audience.

I have just heard a rather curious tale, which, I believe, has not appeared in print, concerning one of the four Italian players of genius that have won world-wide fame this century—Duse, Salviini, Rossi, and Ristori. In the contract with his *impresario*—you will see that the tale does not touch Duse—the great tragedian stipulated, *inter alia*, that all his baggage should be carried at the expense of the contractor, and that he should have four new wax candles every night in his dressing-room; he also required an immense salary, with a heavy advance deposit. On the second night there was a row because there were no new candles, and the actor refused to allow the old ones to be relighted. As the tour went on the *impresario's* pocket grew lighter, but the baggage of the tragedian grew heavier. It was not till almost the end of the tour that it was discovered that the splendid representative of Macbeth and Othello had saved up the ends of the candles every night, and the unhappy *impresario* had to pay freight on ninety-six pounds of candles, which the compatriot of the uninterviewable Duse took back to Italy.

A little genius is Master Arthur Argiewicz, who walked on to the platform of Princes' Hall on Monday evening, May 28, with the self-possession which characterised all his astonishing performances on the violin which Dr. Joachim presented to him. The little lad, in his sailor suit, held spellbound the large audience, as, for twenty-five minutes, he played Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, rendering all its cadences with a smoothness and exquisite ease which must be a natural gift in one so young, for Master Arthur is only nine years old. His *attaque* in the last movement was splendid, and roused everyone to intense enthusiasm, which added some smiles to the violinist's happy, pretty face. No sign of abnormal pressure or excitement was apparent in the little man all through the evening. His bowing is remarkably free, and his strength can be gauged when the other items played by him with no loss of force are mentioned. With the careful accompaniment of Mr. Theodor Plowitz, Master Arthur gave Vieuxtemps' "Ballade et Polonaise," Wieniawski's "Legende," Alard's "Fantasie sur 'Faust,'" besides responding to an encore. Mdlle. Soriani, Miss Cortese, and Miss Edith Tulloch also contributed to the programme. The little violinist's second concert is announced for June 14, in the same hall. There is no need, from what I saw of the child in the interval, to fear that he is overwrought by appearing in public. He seems as if he thoroughly enjoyed it.

The audience at M. Tivadar Nachez's second violin recital soon showed that there was a real sympathy between the violinist and his hearers. It is true that in his programme he made no effort to secure success, either by choosing pretty trash such as most of the British public love or mere fireworks. Far from it; every item in the programme really deserved its place. Seeing that pieces of such different style as Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," three unaccompanied works of Bach, Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, Mackenzie's "Benedictus," and a Rhapsody by M. Nachez were given, I had a fair chance of forming a good opinion of the talent of the now immensely popular performer. It is hard to say in which way his work is the more delightful—whether or not the perfection of his tone and execution deserves warmer praise than the dignity and breadth of conception that his actual rendering shows. On the whole, it is impossible to refuse to declare that he is among the few great violinists of the day, and shows himself to be not only a brilliant *virtuoso*, but a genuine, sincere musician. M. Eugène Oudin sang in admirable style some charming old French songs, three of Tschaikowsky's compositions, and a very pretty setting by M. Nachez of some graceful lines by Coppée. His singing delighted the audience, as it invariably does. There is a pleasant reminiscence of Faure in M. Oudin's voice, if not in the manner he uses it.

The other day, my friend the art dealer dropped in to help me kill an unoccupied hour, and, as I draw upon all my professional friends for "copy," I told him that if he told me the truth I would print it. When he recovered we started the conversation. "How is the demand for the nude?" I commenced, thinking of the Chief Constable of Glasgow. "Gone off wonderfully," he said, putting his feet on a silk cushion, and spilling cigar ash all over my carpet. "I don't suppose we sell a dozen now where we sold a hundred a few years ago." "Dogs, cats, little children, and other monstrosities," I asked; "are they doing well?" He shook his head sadly and spilt some more cigar ash. "Not a bit, I assure you," he said; "the taste for simplicity is as decayed as the taste for the nude." "But," I said, noting the large expanse of waistcoat, the varnished boots, the exquisite orchid, and the diamond ring that made further illumination in the room an unnecessary extravagance, "how do you manage? I never hear you complain, and the trade depression doesn't seem to have touched you at all. How is it?" "I humour my public," was the reply, which accompanied a scarcely perceptible wink; "they are showing at present a great demand for mysticism, impressionism is becoming more and more popular, treatment is everything; consequently, subject is very little. The public wants what it can't understand, and I understand what the public wants. It is a passing craze such as literature and the drama are experiencing, and when it has had its day I anticipate a return to the nude and the dogs, cats, and little children. Then, again, there is a great demand for old prints, and I confess that to meet it I have been compelled—" Here he apparently recollected my early statement, for he took a long drink, spilt the rest of his cigar ash, and refused to say another word.



STAR OF EARTH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE STORY OF TRADE UNIONISM.*

It has been my fortune to light on Mr. and Mrs. Webb during various stages of the preparation of this monumental work. I have come across them at Trade Union Congresses; I have met one or the other in flats or in hotels, at Newcastle and at Glasgow; I have watched the processes of the pleasant diplomacy which has subdued union secretaries, extracted union documents, and opened the doors to long-buried secrets and forgotten stories. The result of these remarkable labours, or part of it, is now before the public in a history which is always touching fresh ground, ploughing up new social furrows, throwing new light on political "crises" of which your ordinary historian tells you nothing, because he



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

knows nothing. Who, for instance, was aware of that wonderful feat in wirepulling by which Francis Place, one of the least known and yet most remarkable of our political figures, kept his hand, from his little tailor's shop at Charing Cross, on the whole machinery of Parliament, bent Ministers and members to his mind, and finally secured, in 1824, the repeal of the anti-combination laws? Of equally fresh interest is the story of the relations of the moderate, but astute and determined, trade unionism of the late sixties and the early seventies to the first Gladstone Government, which these men did so much to overthrow.

To review such a book for *The Sketch* is clearly a matter of some difficulty. It is really a history of modern England from the point of view purely of that section of the working classes which happens to believe in organisation. Through it flit all the picturesque political movements of the century—idealist Owenism, Chartism, revolutionary Radicalism, the Reform movement, Free Trade, political Liberalism. But all these are side-currents of the story; its real heroes are not the Gladstones or the Beaconsfields, or even the Owens or the Fergus O'Connors. They are the builders-up of mighty organisations like William Allan, flamboyant but powerful figures like Alexander Macdonald, clear-headed managers of men like Applegarth, Broadhurst, Coulson, and many another. Still more interesting for the student is it to watch the diverse manifestations of the workman's search after a philosophy of industrialism. Now you have a new unionism, like that which broke down in 1834, which is pure, crude, revolutionary Socialism; not Socialism as we understand it, but an embodiment of the schemes that poured in a flood from Owen's hot and active brain. Now, again, you have a new unionism of an entirely different type—cautious, non-heroic, devoted to plain, practical ends, perfectly independent of political parties, and absorbed, not in the ideal of loose confederations

of workers all over the country, but in vigorous, water-tight, solid combinations of each special trade. Finally, this second type of new unionism melts into an old unionism, which, in its turn, is inspired and dominated by the younger movement, led by Mr. Burns, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Tillett. Socialism re-emerges, not as a plan of substituting for capitalists groups of independent workmen-producers, but as a method of turning the whole machinery of the representative State to the purpose of raising the standard of the workman's life. In all these things the reader who goes to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book can pick and choose. If he wants a learned argument as to the origin of trades unionism, he can read the first chapter. If he wants a picturesque account of the exciting and dangerous struggle between the classes and the masses, he can study their history of the revolutionary period, which began about 1829 and closed in the early forties. If he would watch the things which men with heads on their shoulders, definite aims before them, and the habit of intelligent and loyal co-operation can attain in party politics, he can turn to the record of the doings of the Junta which held sway in trade unionism from 1860 to 1875. I am not sure that I am so keenly impressed with the history of our own new unionism, which virtually began with the Dock Strike, or, rather, with the Social Democratic Federation, as with some of the previous portions of the work. Mr. and Mrs. Webb have been both too near these movements, and have themselves played too conspicuous a part in them, to be able to see them in their true proportions.

From the general reader's point of view, the most picturesque part of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book is, no doubt, the story of the large and rather loosely built-up unions and federations of the revolutionary years of trade unionism—the thirties and the forties. Many of these bodies rejoiced not merely in an elaborate constitution, but in a ceremony which was often borrowed or adapted from the Oddfellows or other friendly societies. Thus the Builders' Union opened its proceedings with prayer, indulged in hymns at intervals, had a ritual including questions and responses in doggerel, and closed the process of initiating new members with a solemn oath of secrecy. "Officers clothed in surplices, inner chambers into which the candidates were admitted blindfolded, a skeleton, drawn sword, battle-axes, and other mystic 'properties,' enhanced the sensational solemnity of this fantastic performance. Ceremonies of this kind were adopted by all the national and general unions of the time; thus we find items for 'washing surplices' appearing in the accounts of various lodges of contemporary societies." Compare these childlike mysteries, which usually resulted in prosecutions and vindictive sentences, largely on the ground of the administration of illegal oaths, with Mr. Galton's admirable and picturesque account of the inner life of a modern trade union which Mr. and Mrs. Webb have wisely incorporated in their book. This story alone, with its vivid human interest, its sketch of the discipline, order, and brotherly spirit of trade unionism, would be enough in itself to reconcile the enlightened capitalist to the workers' combinations and the men who made them what they are. But, alas! men are enlightened about the past—rarely about the future.

H. W. M.



MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

* "The History of Trade Unionism." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

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LORD ROSEBERY AND THE TURF.

BY WILLIAM ALLISON.

Great Ministers, from Lord Godolphin's time down to Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, have been liberal in their patronage of the Turf, and the British public dearly loves, even in these days, a good horse, and, by consequence, the owner of it; so that if Lord Rosebery should bring off the record event of a Prime Minister winning the Derby, it would gain his party thousands of votes if a General Election were to follow quickly.

However, I don't want to trench upon that debateable ground; let me rather turn to the scene which pleased everyone, except those who lost money—I mean Newmarket Heath on the Two Thousand Guineas day, when, in the presence of his owner and a crowd of notables, from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge downwards, Ladas cantered in from the gamely-struggling Matchbox, one of the easiest winners ever known.

This was very well, and loud was the applause as the Premier walked at the head of his horse to the weighing-room enclosure; but the finest scene was to follow, when Ladas had been led quietly away, and men's minds were being diverted in other directions.

The veteran trainer, Matthew Dawson, who had fought against bodily infirmities, and almost disregarded them in his extreme desire to do the very utmost for Ladas, and win the so-called classic events for Lord Rosebery, was on the heath in his brougham to see the colt run, this being the first time that Mr. Dawson had ever been able to enjoy such a sight. Many wiseacres among the amateur touts and self-constituted critics had been circulating reports that Ladas had not done a proper preparation, and would not be fit; so that, although the trainer knew very well to the contrary, he must have felt nervous about the issue, inasmuch as all these people would have cried "I told you so!" had Matchbox by any chance proved the better horse. It was with this stress of feeling on him that Matthew Dawson saw the race. He rarely, if ever, bets, and the issue, peculiarly speaking, was nothing to him; he wanted to win with Ladas, to win for Lord Rosebery—and he did.

Well, at first the good old gentleman bore it well, and with his old friend Mr. Quartermaine East set off to drive home to Exning; but as they passed the paddock entrance Lord Rosebery was lying in wait, and he came out to congratulate his trainer. On this the tense nerves gave way, and Mr. Dawson for a few moments fairly broke down. It was in its way a pretty and pathetic sight, and showed how wide a gulf there is between the Turf as appreciated by sportsmen and the sordid attributes which are commonly given it by narrow-minded bigots.

It is only of late, however, that Lord Rosebery has become Fortune's favourite in regard to the Turf. I have purposely touched on his second Ladas first, for, as that remarkable horse has worthily crowned the Premier's career, he deserves more immediate honour than the original Ladas, who, twenty-five years ago, did his youthful owner no great credit; and yet, when one remembers those days in 1869, when to boys at school came the information that Lord Rosebery, an undergraduate at Oxford, had a horse called Ladas in the Derby, it may be questioned whether the admiration excited by this audacious proceeding on the part of his Lordship did not surpass any sensation that is now inspired by the triumphs of the second Ladas. In point of fact, Ladas the first, who was foaled in 1866, and was a son of Lambton and Zenobia, was a failure as a racehorse, and it must have needed some courage to revive a name that had not proved fortunate; but Lord Rosebery has not hesitated to do so, and this determination to stick to an original point has characterised him through life. Why, exactly, the name of Ladas was given, either in the one case or the other, I have never asked, but it is generally accepted that



Photo by W. F. Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.

JOSEPH GRIFFITHS, LORD ROSEBERY'S STUD-GROOM.



LORD ROSEBERY'S LADAS, THE DERBY FAVOURITE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. SHERBORN, NEWMARKET.



a Greek athlete named Ladas was the source from which the name was taken. On the other hand, the Greek word *λαδας* means a young stag, and this, in the case of a horse sired by Hampton, may have had something to do with Lord Rosebery's choice.

Lord Rosebery still looks a young man, and is, in point of fact, a young one for a Prime Minister, but when he first went on the Turf he was positively childlike, and, as he betted very freely, he was marked out by not a few astute persons as an easy prey. They soon found out their mistake, and the position was thus summed up by one of them who had thought to get the better of his Lordship, "He's no flat, I can tell you." And so it proved, for at no period of his life did Lord Rosebery allow himself to be carried into gambling follies, though he has always had the full courage to back his fancy upon good reason shown.

Cap-à-pie was among his first horses, but a few years later he secured a really good one in Couronne de Fer, and would have landed a fine stake had that son of Macaroni won the Derby; however, the horse was touched in his wind, and could only get second, though this in itself was something of a success. Lord Rosebery was throughout anxious to win the Derby, and about that period he had given 2000 guineas for the yearling All Heart, half-brother, by King Tom, to Doneaster, but the outlay was not a lucky one. Two or three years later, he made a desperate effort to achieve the object of his ambition, for he tried to buy a Derby winner ready made. Robert Peel was then training at Russley, and had tried Bonnie Scotland, a colt by Thormanby, out of Blue Bell, so well that it was thought he could not be beaten. Lord Rosebery thereupon bought him for, it was said, 6000 guineas—a big price in those days—but in the race for the Derby this costly purchase utterly failed to run up to his home form. It was in those days that Lord Rosebery's Turf luck was so bad that in one year—it was, I think, 1877—his three starters for the Derby finished ingloriously together behind all the rest of the field; nor was he destined to win any classic event until Bonnie Jean secured the Oaks for him in 1883. It is, of course, something to win the Oaks; still, few men have ever had a smaller portion of success than Lord Rosebery has enjoyed, having regard to his cleverness and persistency on the Turf. When he married, and became possessed of so much of the bloodstock that had made the name of Rothschild famous in the chronicles of "Weatherby" as elsewhere, it might have been thought that now at last he had got beyond the possibility of failure; but such did not prove to be the case, and it has been no uncommon thing of late years to see Lord Rosebery's yearlings offered at the Newmarket July Sales and failing to find buyers at even the most moderate prices. His Lordship's stud-groom, Joseph Griffiths, became almost heart-broken at the want of racing ability which the youngsters turned out by him year by year evinced. It had been so different when he controlled the famous Cobham Stud, and sent out countless winners, whose names will be always famous. Lord Rosebery well knew, however, that Griffiths was not to blame, and, though he went so far as to send the stallion Foxhall out to America on sale, he brought him back again rather than take a hundred or two less than his reserve price. It was to be a case of waiting for better luck, and the change came with one tremendous swoop when Ladas was foaled. It cannot, of course, be suggested that Lord Rosebery during all the intervening years was altogether unlucky. Such winners as Aldrich, Touchet, Kermesse, La Merveille, Cipolata, Corstorphine, Kinsky, and many others that might be named, brought grist to the mill, though they did not reach the zenith of their owner's ambition, and it was reserved for his Lordship to touch the highest point with a colt, not only of his own breeding, but one that represents his deliberate selection of blood or both sides, and is not of the Rothschild stock, which came to him without any selection on his part.

Paraffin, the granddam of Ladas, was a charming mare by Blair Athol, out of the famous Paradigm (dam of Lord Lyon and Achievement), and she won Lord Rosebery a few races, as did her daughter Illuminata, by Rosicrucian. For some years Lord Rosebery mated







Illuminata with various well-known sires; but nothing better resulted than her son Kinsky, winner of the Chester Cup. At last, however, came a full appreciation of the science of breeding, and the mare was sent to Hampton, so as to combine two crosses of Queen Mary, the brothers Rataplan and Stockwell, and six lines of the stout blood of Tramp. This produced Ladas, a horse whom Matthew Dawson is now inclined to think the best he ever trained, and, as during more than fifty years a vast number of great winners have

been under his charge, including such as Thormanby, Wheel of Fortune, St. Simon, and Minting, this is indeed a great thing to say. Mr. Dawson has now trained privately for Lord Rosebery for three or four years, and it was a source of great trouble to him at first that he could not find a good one among the stock. But Ladas has changed all that, and, so far as it is humanly possible to foretell anything, it is safe to assume that Lord Rosebery will win the Derby in the same year that he attained the office of Prime Minister. Men of all parties who have any love for sport are united in wishing that his Lordship may have the satisfaction of witnessing another victory by Ladas.

So far as the breeding of bloodstock goes, Lord Rosebery has two establishments, one at The Durdans and the other—the Crofton Stud—near Leighton Buzzard.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is well known that horses will not always run twice alike. Sometimes they are off colour, and occasionally the change of air affects their form. It is also perfectly well known to 'cute' racegoers that jockeys cannot always do their best. In my opinion, no jockey should be allowed to ride when he is known to be unwell. It has come to my ears that a big race was lost last year owing to the rider of the second horse having been so unwell that he could hardly sit upright on the animal. The horse was well backed by the public, too, though I doubt if anyone would have put their money down had they known the state the jockey was in.

I had a talk with one of our racecourse caterers the other day. He told me some of the club members were difficult to please, and they ordered the first thing ready without consulting the *menu*, and then finished up by abusing the refreshment contractor. I am not certain, after all, whether it would not pay racecourse managers to do their own catering, and do it well, as is the case at Sandown Park. In the opinion of Sir Wilford Brett, one shilling is lost over every half-crown lunch consumed in Tattersall's ring at Sandown; but then, as Sir Wilford says, the good lunch causes many persons to pay the pound per day for admission to the ring.

It is really astonishing how the sporting journalist has improved his position during the last twenty years. I remember the time when, as a class, we sporting journalists were looked upon by our brother journalists as the scum of the earth, men to be avoided and shunned as the Rinderpest. Now, however, the sporting journalist is to be found holding his own against all comers at social functions in which journalists are engaged. The fact of the matter is that we were not wanted twenty years ago; to-day we are found to be a useful "adjunct" to the newspaper. Our work is no better now, but it is printed and read. I remember having to supply the morning papers with cycling, football, and athletics fifteen years ago. It was given to them for nothing, under a contract, but they would not print a line of it. In a few years all was altered, and the manager of one daily said to me, some few years after, "We are always prepared to cut down Parliament to let in good cricket."





J. WATTS.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.



LORD ALINGTON.



CAPTAIN MACHELL.



COLONEL NORTH.

A TALK WITH A TIPSTER.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN COE.

"Ko! Ko!"

A pocket "Ruff" and this raucous cry of the Turf "lumberer" were said to be ample introduction to the Great Man. The book I got cheaply enough, in the way Mr. Gilbert's Major-General got his ancestors, by purchase; but "Ko! Ko!" was a horse of another colour—one must bring in these little equine touches—indeed, it cost me hours of assiduous rehearsal, to say nothing of the exposure of my mental state to doubt among the neighbours, ere I could vociferate it with the tender, delicate, exquisitely musical inflection heard on the racecourse. Having at length got over this obstacle, and taking a hurried look at "Ruff," I set out to seek the oracle within the temple gates.

"There is but one Sir Oracle, and Captain Coe is his mouthpiece," volunteered a "horsey" friend to me at starting. "From Mile End to Hammersmith, from Dan to Beersheba, wherever English is spoken and the *Pink' Un* is read, there, also, will you hear of the 'London champion.'"

Who was he, and where did he live? Why was he a tipster? What scurvy trick had the world played him to provoke such bitter reprisals? Nobody seemed to know; he was as much a mystery as the Man in the Iron Mask. The world has a right to know all about the private life of its great men, their home habits and pet hobbies, for how much they "do" the income-tax people, and if they prefer Beecham's to Cockle's, or *vice versa*. And here is a notorious character quite unknown, beyond his *nom de sport*, even to those who move and have their being around him.

"A tipster of a patent type is Captain Coe, copyrighted, name and all, at Stationers' Hall," added my horsey friend. "He invented for evening papers the 'Nap' system of backing horses—one a day, on the doubling-up plan if you lose. The 'tape' people could never make out why it was their machines got the jumps whenever one of Coe's 'Naps' went down, till one day an official dropped upon a knot of gamblers just as the thing ticked out another upset. That solved the mystery at once. The language they used was so strong it disturbed the electric current."

From my sceptical friend, who appeared to be perfectly *au fait* with the subject, I also gathered that Captain Coe's judgment as a buyer of horses, too, had been mercilessly assailed; "quadrupedal sinking funds" they called his horses, so very bad among the bad were they. "The cloven hoof again!" I protested. "'Ruff,' here says old Happy-go-Lucky won £250 in one 'go' last year, and afterwards bagged a couple of races on successive days. And then there's Ultimus. He won a race or two, didn't he?"

"He did; but," crushingly, "that was before Coe bought him."

Wild horses shall not drag from me the name of the spot where the Captain makes his home when not following the "sport of kings" (no racing article is complete without this classical tit-bit). Men with bludgeons and bulldogs and other presents might be calling to offer their congratulations, and Coe is, above all things, a peaceable man, loving his neighbour as himself. It would hurt him to be other than cordial to visitors, but it would hurt them more. Something of discouragement marked my own reception at the house in Camberwell, armed though I was with the magical passports, "Ko! Ko!" and "Ruff." A prim little Abigail opened the door to me; her intellectual powers did not seem despicable, but evidently she had no music in her soul, for, dropping her eyes, like all well-bred servants, "Not to-day, thank you," she said; "we had in a hundredweight this week, and master's waiting for the price to go down before buying any more." Heavens! she had mistaken my musical cry of "Ko! Ko!" for "Coals!" after all my pains to get the correct inflection, too! She saw her error on a second glance, however, and simpered out an apology.

The next moment I had been ushered into the presence of the prophet. He received me in most genial fashion, standing with his back to the fire. The position at once showed him to be a thorough Englishman. It warmed my heart to him, if it kept the fire from warming me.

I took a glance round the room. Its appearance knocked into a cocked hat all my preconceived notions of what the den of a sporting prophet was like. No prints of famous Derby winners adorned the walls; no portraits of straddle-legged prize-fighters, stripped for battle; none of the bright pictures of cock-fighting met with in sporting tap-rooms; but here a Velasquez or a Rembrandt, there a Turner or a lovely little David Cox, and everywhere evidences of the refinement of art and the culture of books and of travel. Even the coal-seuttle testified to its owner's love of art, displaying "The Vision of St. Helena," painted in red, white, and blue on the front. It belonged to the paleozoic age, he told me, and was a family heirloom of priceless value. One of his ancestors won it in a raffle, after the Battle of Hastings. It got lost during the Wars of the Roses, in which his ancestors played a historic part on the losing side—"Prophetic of the son," I murmured—but was lately dug up in the New Cut.

"Never mind the New Cut, Captain," I interrupted; "what I want to know is something about the old prophet. How came you to be a tipster? Predestination, or was it laziness?"

"Neither; I'm a prophet from election. You must know—though I say it, who should not, being an abominator of self-advertisement—I was always great on 'book form,' as they call it. Let me give you an illustration. One day, years ago, the curate of our parish was lamenting to my father the general ignorance of this branch of learning. 'Pray, now,' said he, addressing us all, 'who wrote the Psalms?' 'Proverbs!' cried my father. 'Revelations!' screamed my mother. 'Job!' shouted my sister. 'David!' I exclaimed in triumph. 'Well done, my boy,' said the curate; 'you must go into the Church. I foretell you will be a bishop.' For some time I studied with a view to taking orders, but ultimately forsook exposition for prophecy."

"It comes easier, and seems to suit you. At any rate, you can't say that your lot has been an un-nap-py one."

"Pardon me if I do not laugh. I see your pun; but it is feeble as well as personal, and, consequently, in all senses objectionable. I respect the profession of letters too highly to bring into it any such tawdry features. So long as I write my 'chat column' it shall be kept free from the pollution of personalities and protected from the New Humour."

"Shades of 'puff 48'! I notice you say, 'so long as you write.' They do say, Captain, that you use a draper's pen, one with a double handle, with loops for your finger and thumb, and sharp, double-bladed nibs. Is that so?"

"Talking of pens," answered the prophet, rather irrelevantly, I thought, "have you read 'Keystones'? The Duchess of Portman assures me it is splendid. I don't myself much like the writers of the present day, there's so little backbone in them. I prefer a few pages of Pliny, or a little of Aristophanes, or, among the later authors, Goethe, who really knew what he was saying. Then there's Jeremy Bentham: I pick him up occasionally."

"What about Mill?" I ventured.

"No; I have no taste for prize-fighting; there's too much bombast about its principals and too little principle about its supporters."

"About these tips of yours, now, Captain. I have heard them described as bread and-cheese to the little bettors. Do you ever back them yourself?"

"Never."

"What, never, now, or hardly ever, which?"

"Never. It would spoil the market for my followers if I were to bet."

"How?"

"In this way. The other day, at Kempton, an acquaintance of mine went up to back a horse against which 10 to 1 was being shouted. He came back, looking very glum, and said he could only get 6 to 4. The bookmakers had seen him talking to me just before."

Passing out, after taking my leave of the prophet, I observed in the hall a rare old piece of art furniture reposing against the wall. It was in imitation walnut, and of a most curious design, having a zinc bottom and a number of metal pegs sprouting from a lofty centre column. I inquired of the pretty Abigail if this was an heirloom. She said it was a hatstand.



Photo by the Parisian School of Photography, Fleet Street.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



[Copyright the property of the Artist.]

"MOTHER, WHERE IS THAT RADIANT SHORE?"—G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.

We shall have more yet to say about the Academy: notices of that exhibition do not, as a rule, cease until about the end of the season, and it is right that they should not so cease, since this is the opportunity of the year for the young painter of promise to show his prowess and to point towards his future. And the young painter is usually allowed to pass by in silence, without notice and reward, while the achievements of those who have already achieved much are selected for a peculiarly prominent amount of publicity and praise. Nevertheless, these require a first attention.

Mr. Poynter's picture, "Horæ Serenæ," is the kind of work which will be immensely popular in engraving and reproduction. The maidens dance and laugh in the open summer day in a manner which cannot but be dear to the heart of the British *bourgeois*. The sky and the roses are a direct incitement and temptation to the virginal eye and the virginal soul. For all that, however, it is impossible to pass by the harshness and tightness of the treatment which Mr. Poynter employs, or the imprisonment into which he seems to have confined the floating atmosphere. The thing will be immensely improved by its translation into black-and-white.

We have mentioned briefly Mr. Sargent's mural decoration for the public library of Boston (as the catalogue kindly informs us, U.S.A.), but, on account of the importance of the work and the extremely severe attacks which have been made upon it in certain quarters of the weekly press, it is as well that we should chronicle our opinion that it is a work of some importance, at the least. The statuesque poses of the figures are a little remote in their beauty, and, for that reason, are all the more satisfactory on account of the more or less perdurable vocation for which they are destined. The colour is extremely satisfactory; it is delicate without being insipid, and the calm and peacefulness of the whole is majestic in its solidity and quiet repose.

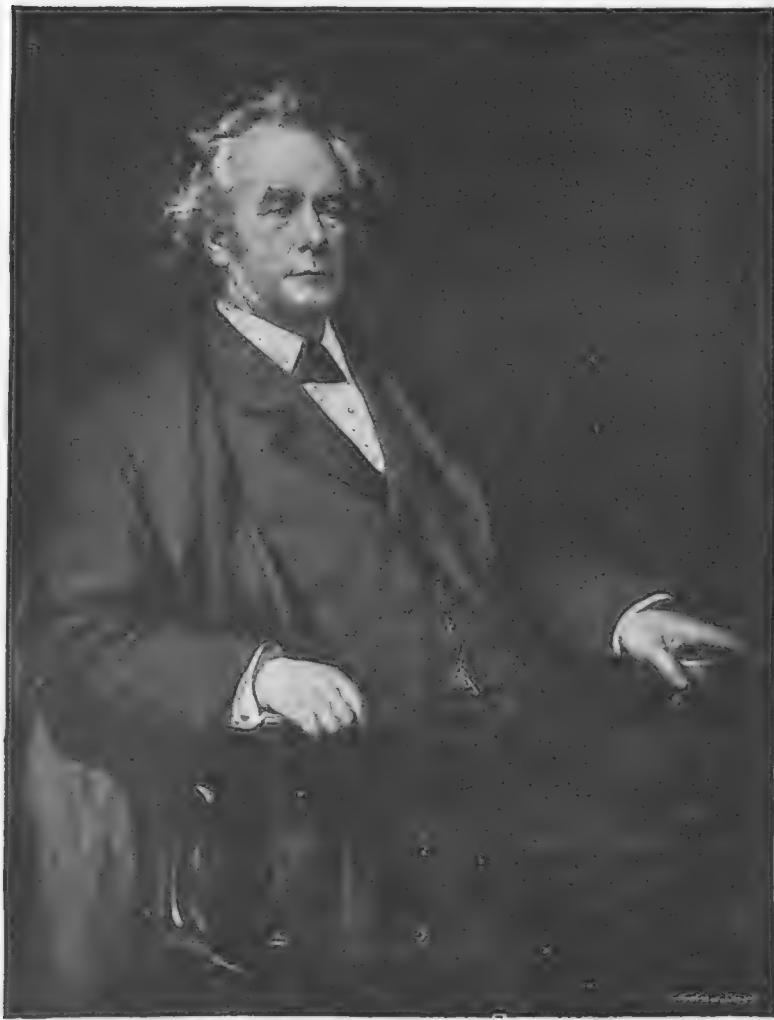
We have dwelt sufficiently upon the work of the President this year; but hitherto we have made no mention of the picture which, we have no doubt, will be in extensive request among that immense class which loves to contemplate "aristocratic" work upon the walls of the room which is decently furnished with glass shades and wax flowers, with ornamental fenders, with enamelled pier-glasses and mahogany chiffonniers. The young person who holds out her arm, dallying with her bracelet, is of that sweet and voluptuous beauty which touches the untrained heart of the middle-class person. And, indeed, she is really graceful, and tender and sweet, and all the rest of it; but she lacks strength and vitality, and so we love her not.



THE SEA MAIDEN.—HERBERT J. DRAPER.

"A song of drag-nets hauled across thwart seas,
And plucked up with rent sides, and caught therein
A strange-haired woman with sad singing lips."—"CHASTELARD."

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's portrait of Mr. I. Zangwill has a decided force and power about it, but we cannot say that it is a pleasing picture; Mr. Solomon has certainly not been at any pains to administer flattery to his subject. In the same spirit, but travelling away from the realities of life, Mr. George Hitchcock treats the Virgin Mary in his "Mary at the House of Elizabeth" as a somewhat unpre-



THE REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER.—R. GIBB.

possessing Dutchwoman. We do not complain of it, and Mr. Hitchcock is, no doubt, a very clever man; and in remotely following the methods of Von Uhde he is pursuing a path which is, at least, engaging, and may lead to effective results.

Mr. George W. Joy's pictures are a joy for ever, and this year he is no less imaginative in his attention to matters of fancied history than of old. "The Death of General Gordon" provides him with the kind of subject which he would naturally handle with—shall we call it?—oleographic skill. The picture, reproduced in colours, should be in request at every seaside lodging-house throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann contributes a smooth and rather uninteresting portrait of Mr. Barry Pain, who in the catalogue is rather unnecessarily shorn of his "Mr.," as though the illustrious subject had already passed into the ranks of the immortals.

The portrait of Dr. Parker painted in commemoration of his ministerial semi-jubilee by Mr. Robert Gibb is a work worthy of the artist. Dr. Parker, in an amusing article, has told how the picture was done. "I found Mr. Gibb," he says, "to be intent upon telling me many amusing Scotch stories, for the purpose of keeping my face in a condition of vivacity. The studio was large, almost unfurnished, and acoustically as bad as it could be—in fact, it was impossible for us to hear each other from one end of the room to another. As I could not go to Mohammed, owing to the fact of my being fixed at a particular angle, Mohammed was kind enough to come to me, and, standing at the foot of the throne (for by such high title the platform on which I sat is professionally described), he would tell me his little story, and while the smile lingered on my face he ran back to the inoffensive canvas and struck it with his militant brush.

"I was delighted," he goes on to say, "with the genius and the energy of my artist; yet, such was the effect upon my system of sitting long hours that I secretly determined never more to be painted by human hands. I know that this was very cowardly upon my part, and a resolution in deadly opposition to the interests of a most refined and tempting craft, yet I am bound to say that the resolution has the full consent of my head and heart. If it had fallen to my lot to have to pay for the portrait as well as to sit for it, I know not how tragical the end might have been; but, as my friends graciously took this cruelty upon

themselves, I felt secretly rejoiced that we were fellow-sufferers in this noyel experience. The artist was good enough to compliment me upon my faithfulness as a sitter—had he failed to do so, I should probably have walked more and sat less. Many a time I was on the point of falling dead asleep, and probably I should have yielded to the urgent invitation of Morphew had I not been desperately afraid of falling from my 'throne' and casting my crown at the feet of my tormentor."

Mr. Tuxen, who painted the picture of the Queen and the whole of the Royal Family assembled at Windsor on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee, has just completed another historical canvas, commissioned by the Queen, representing the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York. The picture in question is now being exhibited at the St. James's Gallery, King Street, and is well worth a visit.

The aristocratic and exclusive half-crown was made to do duty for a private view occasion by the astute committee of the Grafton Gallery Exhibition, and "Opening Day," as this disinterested occasion was called, had a goodly muster of that exalted section who would far rather pay two-and-sixpence to see each other on Friday than give one shilling to view the pictures on Saturday. It must be allowed that a gentle melancholy overhung some of us when it was discovered that the social charms of tea, even tea, were "not inclusive"—you feel you have got so much more for your money when *vin ordinaire*, no matter how *ordinaire*, is "*compris*." It was not to be, however, and certainly the compensation of doing something genteel almost balanced its expensiveness. The fair women were very undoubtedly so, both on and off the walls, and there was an appreciable increase of walking space, due largely to the economically-minded absence of the lady journalist. For the rest, one took consecutive instalments of gossip and old masters in



[Copyright strictly reserved.]
"CAUGHT!"—HECTOR CAFFIERI.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

mild doses before adjourning to the climax of Bohea or chocolate in adjacent Bond Street.

Opening Day was, however, forestalled in all senses of social importance by the day before, when an ultra-select committee, before whose *ton* even ancient Almack's might have paled, issued invitations to the elect of its own set. Countesses in pink silk hobnobbed, or, we should say, floated by, with duchesses in blue satin, while of extra-special "men friends" there was a bounteous disposition. Not least, but lastly, followed what our grandfathers would have called a repast, wherein branded champagnes and sandwiches in Benoit's very best style contended for consumption with superfine Pekoe, while an added bliss, no doubt, attached to the occasion for those invited in the knowledge that their special day at the Grafton Gallery had been sandwiched between the foregoing peripatetic Press and the oncoming paying People. For such are the joys of exclusiveness!

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"HE KNOWS SOMETHING!"



FIGURES ON THE COURSE.



THE FAVOURITE.



"TWO TO ONE ON THE FIELD!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

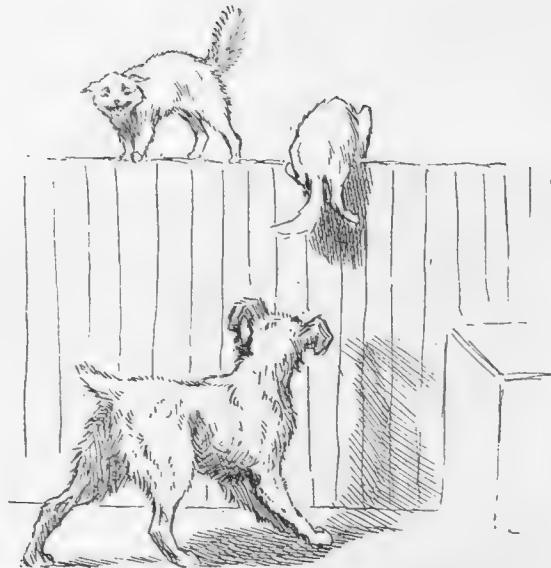
JUNE 6, 1894

THE SKETCH.

309



THE WELSHER.



1. The dog spends 364 days in the back-yard.



2. "What is going wrong with the traffic to-day?"



3. "The Derby! Hurrah!"



4. He goes the pace.



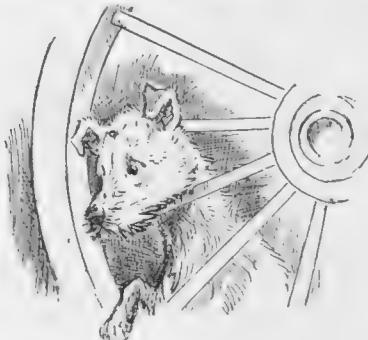
5. Rounding a corner.



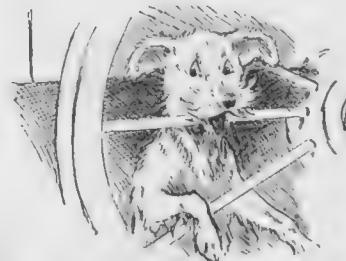
6. A short cut.



7. A good hard knock.



8. A little stratagem.



9. But the wheel goes round!



10. The mysteries of a luncheon basket.



11. Stoned.



12. Bolts.



Louis Wain.

13. And comes in a winner by many hundred yards.



14. Is placed in a position of honour for the journey.



15. He arrives home hungry and footsore.

MR. EDMUND PAYNE AT HOME.

"Yes, Sir; Mr. Payne's in. That is he in the garden. Will you sit down till I call him, or would you like to join him in the garden?" replied the maid-servant on my presenting myself at the actor's residence in Stoke Newington (writes one of our representatives).

"Take me to him in the garden, by all means."

There I found the First Lieutenant in "Don Juan," whose eccentric dances, droll songs, and exquisite fooling give so much "dash and go"



Photo by E. Salomon, Stoke Newington Road, N.
MR. PAYNE.

to the popular burlesque nightly filling the Gaiety. And he was a-digging; leastways, he was hard at work with spade and fork, making up a big bed with mould and manure.

"Growing 'gags' for the next burlesque, Mr. Payne?" I queried chaffingly.

"No, only marrows," he replied, smiling. "So you've come to interview me. Well, wait till I've washed my hands, and then we'll go up to my room and have a chat."

"And this is how you spend your time 'at home'?" I remarked, as we moved towards the house.

"Chiefly when it is fine, though I put in a good lot of cycling. You didn't know I was a rider? Why, I am actually looked on as an authority on cycling matters. Great mistake, you know; but my having done some fast work on the road and won a club medal for the long-distance race to London may, perhaps, account for it. I am going in directly for the Polytechnic long-distance competition, and shall ride on a 'Rudge.'"

"So it is to cycling that those prodigious-sized legs of yours are due?"

"Partly, though I was always fond of athletics, and have been a pretty good runner for my size and weight, and," added the little man, "my legs have stood me in good stead on the stage as a high jumper, for that's more in my line than as a ground dancer. My marionette dance in the provinces, something like the 'Perfect Cure,' always fetches 'em, and I give a taste of it now in the second edition of 'The Don.' I fake most of my dances, I confess—I don't pretend to any technical form. Nor do I go in for being much of a singer, for, having played clown so often, I have scarcely a shred of voice left."

By this time we had reached his "den," where I was surprised to find that the flower-painted panels of the doors, the mural decorations, and many a "bit" of framed art are as much the outcome of the actor's versatility and industry as are the bamboo chairs and overmantel, on the latter of which may be admired photographs of his wife and two children.

Pointing to a caricature of Fred Leslie, executed by himself, as Ruy Blas, Mr. Payne, after placing me in a comfortable armchair, told me that his present part of First Lieutenant was originally written as that of a timid pirate when poor Fred Leslie began rehearsing, but on the reconstruction of the cast consequent on his death the character was made a blustering, boisterous one, as we see now so amusingly given.

"And are you a pretty quick study, Mr. Payne?"

"Yes; and one need be at times. Very often you don't get all your lyrics given you till within a few hours of performance. Then, I remember I had a rather nervous time of it on the third night of the first edition of 'Don Juan.' Roberts had been taken suddenly ill, and there had been no understudy appointed as yet, so they talked of closing the theatre; but I undertook to play the part, and by inventing plenty of 'gag' we got through. And five years ago, on my first appearance in London, under Augustus van Biene, I learnt the part of Mephisto, consisting of forty typed pages, in twenty hours. That wasn't so bad, eh?"

"No, indeed. Your career has been chiefly provincial, has it not?"

"Yes; my present part, and that of Shrimp in 'In Town'—whom, by-the-way, I modelled on an actual call-boy, and worked up into an important character—have been my only regular engagements in London. In the provinces of late years I have generally played Lonnens parts."

"And where do you prefer to play?"

"Oh, here, decidedly. In London the audiences are so much easier to play to. They are more enthusiastic, and are quicker to seize the points. It's curious how the humour of an audience varies; one can scarcely get a laugh some nights. 'Stone-wally' we call it 'behind.' I suppose one must put it down to the weather. Of course, there are better houses in the provinces some nights than others—for instance, on Saturdays and Mondays. In London, I believe the theatres fill better on Fridays and Saturdays, especially the stalls on Fridays—I don't know why, unless the 'Upper Ten' go out of town on Saturdays. I believe audiences would applaud more if they knew how very much better we could act by their doing so."

"Well, have the provinces any other drawback, beyond being somewhat colder?"

"Yes; to a young actor who hasn't his pocket lined. They have been talking, you know, in the *Daily Telegraph* about the bad cooking



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MR. PAYNE AND MISS SYLVIA GREY IN "DON JUAN."

at country inns, but I could cap all the accounts if I related my experiences of the provincial lodging-house keeper. I remember, at Derby, when I was a struggling artist, two other actors and I clubbed together to buy a goose for Christmas Day. In the morning we went out for a long walk, and expected to thoroughly enjoy that goose on our return. And we sat famishing at the table, but no goose appeared. Messages were occasionally sent up that it would be ready in another

ten minutes. At last I went down to investigate, and—will you believe it?—I found our goose being boiled in one inch of water in the frying pan! At Edinburgh, on another tour, jugged hare was ordered; but the landlady came up with a jug in her hand, from which protruded the head and shoulders of the hare, and protested that it could not be cooked, for she hadn't a larger jug in the house; while at Belfast a steak-and-kidney pudding was placed on the table looking like a 'spotted dog,' for all the ingredients had been chopped up and treated as one would those in a Christmas pudding."

"Then you have had rough times occasionally?"

"Well, yes; I've served a pretty stiff apprenticeship, but I have always loved an actor's life. You may like to know that I wrote a burlesque, painted all the scenery, and acted in it when I was only fourteen. Yes, and I wrote several others in the evenings after I came home from

ticket-writing and illuminated address work, to which I had been apprenticed. I was always considered a pretty good dancer and mimic, and so my people, for a wonder, encouraged me. At seventeen I actually staged 'Rip Van Winkle' and played the title-part."

"Really, this is very interesting. Pray proceed."

"Well, the first regular company I joined was a 'fit-up' one—that is, we brought our own scenery and fitted up in assembly-rooms and town halls, doing three towns a week. I used to play 'old men' parts, but I can even now, though I'm thirty, make up like a boy of fourteen. This straight, short fringe of mine comes in very handy, you see. As a fact, I've never had a parting. Oh, yes; I've been about with a booth company, too. I remember once, for six weeks, while we were travelling on the 'share profit' system, my biggest weekly salary was 3s. 4d.; and I had to help to fix up the booth, paint the scenery, and—let me whisper it—mutilate H. J. Byron's burlesques."

"I believe you were one of the first promoters of the Actors' Association?"

"Yes, and there were only six of us at first. We founded the thing in a back room in Manchester, and we paid, I remember, for all the circular work out of our pockets. Our efforts were and are still directed chiefly against the bogus manager and unsanitary dressing-rooms. We also advocate rehearsal work being paid for, and the fees to be earned by the company for the first three weeks or a month being guaranteed beforehand. But we don't want to make a trade union of the profession: all we ask for is its general support and encouragement. But I dare say you know what a careless, happy-go-lucky set of people actors are. If so, you will appreciate how difficult we find it to persuade the profession generally how by subscribing a very small sum they could create an institution which would look after their business interests, benefit their physical well-being, and utterly crush the bogus manager out of existence. But, there, let us talk of something else," said my companion, as he lighted a fresh cigarette, and our conversation wandered off far a-field.



Photo by Mayall and Co., New Bond Street, W.
AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST-UP-TO-DATE."

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Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MR. EDMUND PAYNE IN "DON JUAN."

HORS D'OEUVRES.

To-day is—and by to-day I mean the date on which these lines are read, not written—the Derby Day, the day on which our illustrious Premier hopes (unless somebody poisons the horse before I can get into print) to win the race of the year, and gain greater hope for the General Election by carrying off the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" than if he took that other blue ribbon, the pledge of the Local Veto and such-like doctrines. Democratic and Puritanic as our New Radicals may be, yet the mass of our population has still some sympathy for race, and a great deal for races. Dear to the Democrat is a lord; dearer yet than lords is Ladas. Journals may advocate the sacred cause of the people; but where would these journals be if it were not for their racing "tips"? The inspired scribe may rave through the length of leader or leaderette, defying Tories and syntax in one wild democratic howl; yet the readers heed him not, but turn instinctively to one familiar column, ending with a few words in capital letters, which they religiously commit to memory. A "dead cert." is better than a living demagogue.

Wherefore will all the world on this day betake itself to Epsom Downs, there to crowd and shiver, or perspire, according to the weather, to chaff and be chaffed, to eat and drink—especially to drink—finally, to half see a gleam of bright jackets and flying legs, and to go home—possibly sadder, but, probably, no wiser—to look back on the great anniversary from the humdrum routine of the coming year. Derby Day is a sort of allegory of human life and attainments. There is the long, laborious, expensive preparation and journey beforehand, there are the delirious few minutes of excitement, and then an end, and the long, laborious return home. So much prologue and epilogue; and so little drama!

For myself, I am willing to concede that there may be something attractive in a race, if one knows the horses, or the jockeys, or the owners, and has some interest in the fortunes of some one or more of them. Also, there is excitement in betting, and seeing whether one will carry off the money. But, even for gambling, horses are inferior instruments. A person desiring to bet may have the best judgment and information, and may even spot the best horse; and yet, through some absurd accident or nefarious trick, the vexatious quadruped may fail to come in first, or, having so come in, may be disqualified because the jockey does not weigh enough—exactly as if he had been a loaf of household bread prepared by a fraudulent baker.

No; if I am to gamble, let me either exercise my own skill or depend entirely on chance. At Monte Carlo or at tossing the chances are fairly even; at games of skill one has control over the conditions of the wager. But in betting on a horse one stakes one's money on the possible results of chances that are not even and skill that one cannot control. If, for instance, I put £10 on Ladas—I have no intention of doing so—and Ladas wins, I shall not, supposing that *n* horses start for the race, get *n* £10, as I ought to do if the horses were *petits chevaux*. I shall get only £5 as the odds are at the moment of writing. But if the Prime Minister orders his jockey to pull Ladas—not that he will do so, but I cannot prevent him if he chooses to do it—then my £10 is gone by the action of a nobleman whom I can no more control than he can his party. In other words, the chances on which I have wagered may be altered to my prejudice without my having any power of protecting myself, except by some mysterious operation known as "hedging."

However, if the odds against various horses be not mathematically correct, it is always possible to arrange your book by algebra so as to win the required amount. To be sure, this may involve your putting £179,342 13s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on one steed, and £1 11s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on another, in order to secure a profit of £5. [I have not taken the example from an actual race, but I have no doubt the odds could be so arranged if necessary.] But suppose you can't find a man who will take the large bet? and suppose, also, that, having lost on all the horses but one, you go for the large bet which is to more than compensate for all losses, and find that the pleasant person with whom you wagered has disappeared, leaving no address? Where is the consolation of algebra then?

No; if we must gamble, let it be at good, straightforward roulette. There all is open and above board—at Monte Carlo, at least. There is a percentage against you, small, but scientific. But there is something degrading in putting one's money at the disposal of a quadruped that doesn't even know his responsibilities. If you lose, you do not even get a run for your money—the horse has the run.

MARMITON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

DILLON'S MAID.

BY LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

Rat, tat, t-t-tat, rat, tat, tat ; rat, tat, t-t-tat, t-t-tat, tat !

The cheerfully pathetic strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" struck out on the early morning air in the barrack-square as the word of command, "Quick march!" was given, and the long line of scarlet-coated humanity moved off with sharp, even tread from the crowd of men, women, and children—some well-wishing, some weeping, some envying, all admiring—which had hung about the parade-ground, more or less, from the sounding of the first notes of the reveille bugle till now the officer's voice had set the well-drilled line in this steady, inexorable motion.

The notes of the band grew fainter, the regular tread of the men more distinct, as they filed past those who were to stay at home and hope; then that, too, grew faint, and the head of the glittering human serpent was lost to view as it went out the barrack gateway. Gradually the long trail followed, shortened, disappeared, and the admiring well-wishers, weepers, and enviers, each with his or her own sensations numbed into one of general depression, were left in the desolate square.

Rat, tat, t-t-tat, rat, tat, tat ; rat, tat, t-t-tat, t-t-tat, tat !

The band, with its scarlet followers, passed through the barrack gateway, issued on the other side, and wound with even "tramp, tramp," down the dusty road. It was still too early for the heat to be oppressive; but the sun shining on the drummer's face showed it to be rather white and sorrowful, in spite of the merry tapping which he



Crouched a girl on the grass

performed upon his drumhead. However, it must be said in his excuse that he was suffering his first severe pangs of home sickness: he was bound on his first active service—and active service, as an unknown quantity, has sometimes a quieting effect on the bravest—and, above all, the notes, as he beat them on his drum, found a dreary echo in his heart, for the girl he left behind him was very dear.

In a gateway, behind a hawthorn bush whose glory of blossom was past, and whose once green leaves were white with dust, crouched a girl on the grass yet grey with dew, a girl of sixteen, in a rusty black velvet dress a size too small for her, with a mop of rough dark curls, and a skin browned by Nature and the summers she had undergone, but now flushed with weeping. As the band drew near, she leaned forward and peered round the bush out into the road.

Rat, tat, t-t-tat, rat, tat, tat ; rat, tat, t-t-tat, t-t-tat, tat !

The beats of the drum fell on her heart as so many sharp blows. She strained her eyes; she saw the drummer, with his drum hung as a glory before him, so brightly was it emblazoned by the morning sunshine; she saw his grave, white face as he marched past her narrow outlook; then the tune grew confused in her ears, the "tramp, tramp" of the passing companies seemed to be upon her head, and, falling forward, she buried her hot face in the cool dew, and sobbed unrestrainedly as a baby, for she was the girl he had left behind him.

And the scarlet serpent still wound along the sunny, dusty road on its way to the station, to the docks, to Egypt, to the war.

It was late in the afternoon when Grace Dillon came dawdling home across the barrack-square. Whole days seemed to have passed since she had crouched behind the hawthorn bush that morning to see the last of Fred, the drummer. The sun was blazing down in all its fierceness on the empty square and on the red-tiled buildings, and her head was hot and heavy from its scorching power and her own emotion as she crossed to her father's quarters.

Grace's mother was leaning on the iron railing of the veranda which ran round the block of buildings; other sergeants' wives stood about on the stone steps which led up to it, or lolled in their own doorways. Dinner was over

long since, tea-time had scarcely come, so they lingered here in this pleasant interval with folded arms, permeated with self-satisfaction, and discussed barrack gossip generally.

"Why, here's your Grace!" cried Mrs. Tilley, Mrs. Dillon's next-door neighbour and own familiar friend.

"So 'tis," declared Mrs. Dillon, after screwing up her eyes to look across the white, glaring square at the approaching figure, "and I've never so much as clapped eyes on her since the 'revalley' went this very morning: that gel is enough to wear one into the grave. I don't know where she gets her wild ways from—'tis n' like none of my family."

"Then I shouldn't fret my heart about it at all," laughed Mrs. O'Brien, as she lolled in her doorway attired in a short petticoat and an old scarlet coat belonging to her husband; "'tis from the other side, and I'd leave the sergeant to deal with her if I was you."

"No; Dillon's quiet and orderly enough, and he's as puzzled to account for her ways as me."

"She's growin' a pretty gel, though," remarked Mrs. Tilley, contemplating the black sheep critically.

"I don't see no prettiness in them black-looking children," complained Mrs. Dillon, "they're always so muddly about the skin. I dunno how Grace came to be so dark; p'raps 'twas on account of her being born in such a hot country; all the rest of my children look clear enough in the skin. Grace! Grace!" raising her voice, "whatever have you bin doin' all this blessed day never to set foot inside your own door till this time?"

Grace raised her flushed face to the veranda, but made no answer; she was unhappy, and she was hungry, and she would have given a good deal to have escaped the questioning which she felt was in store for her from her mother and the rest of the women.

"Where've you bin?" demanded her mother again, as Grace toiled up the steps.

"Bin for a walk," snapped Grace.

"Precious long walk, I should think, from 'revalley' till nigh upon tea-time. And why wasn't you here to see the regiment go off?" she continued in a milder tone. "I should think Fred must have thought you a flighty sort, never to say so much as 'Good-bye, and wish 'ee well,' after bein' so thick as you've bin."

"I did say 'Good-bye' to Fred," snapped Grace again; "I saw him last night, and I should hope once was enough."

"He looked so well playing of his drum as they marched off," volunteered Grace's mother, the last remnants of her irritation softening at the thought of the departed regiment. "I s'pose he'll see his poor mother and father on his way." But Grace had hurried along the veranda, and was out of hearing by this time.

"Your maid's got a temper," laughed Mrs. O'Brien, as she turned into her quarters, and the rest of the women agreed that Mrs. O'Brien was a judge of temper, as she was a possessor of it.

"I can't do nothing with my Grace," complained Mrs. Dillon to Mrs. Tilley some weeks later; "she's terrible; there's no tricks she isn't up to, and I do b'leve she gets worse instead of better. I s'pose you heard how she carried off McNiven's poor, sickly baby yesterday morning, and walked, along with a trail of other people's children who ought all to ha' bin at school, till she got to the river, a matter of five miles, just to show 'em the boats going up and down, and here was we all flustered and scared out of our wits to think what had become of half the children in barracks? Well, I'm blessed, if this morning she didn't take 'em all off quiet as mice, when we thought 'em safe at school, to the wash-house, and there we found 'em splashin' about in the trays and the coppers—what they called swimmin', because they chanced to see some bathers in the river yesterday, and thought they must do the same; and there was the water running all over the place, and the whole wash-house like a swamp, an' the mothers blamin' me, because they pay for schoolin' for their children and my gel leads 'em astray."

"I never came across such a gel in my life," declared Mrs. Tilley; "she's always up to some mischief."

"Gel! You can't call her a gel; she's possessed, I b'leve."

"And yet she's a fine, strapping maid, too," allowed Mrs. Tilley. Tears stood in Mrs. Dillon's eyes at the thought of the mortification to which she was subjected by her offspring's behaviour.

"I don't b'leve I can keep her in barracks; I don't b'leve other folks will put up with her; she'll lead the children to their deaths some fine day, I shouldn't be a bit surprised. The Colonel's lady was in to see me yesterday, and she said somethin' about puttin' Grace to service, and I was that put about by her at the time that I said I should be thankful to have her out of the way; but I don't s'pose she'll think any more about it; and Grace would be mad as fire if she knew."

The Colonel's wife did think about it, however, and came triumphantly one afternoon to Dillon's quarters. Grace, who had heard no word of the matter before, glared at her mother in wonder, which turned to angry reproach when she realised what it meant; but she said no word while the Colonel's lady was present. After she had left, however, the wrath of the victim fell, and finally Mrs. Dillon wept stormy showers of abject repentance; but Grace was stung by the thought of the plot to be rid of her, and insisted upon going.

A week later, a little crowd, almost as depressed as that which had spied the parting regiment, assembled to watch the start of "Dillon's Maid,"

who had shocked and angered, loved and tormented, the whole barracks from six to sixteen; and though, perhaps, the "grown-ups" breathed more freely when the hour of departure was past, a sneaking feeling lay in their hearts that possibly they had bullied her overmuch, as her plaintive face looked back at them all before passing through the gateway. The children boldly wept for her, but their attendance at school was more creditable than in the past, and, though the Dillon family felt the blank, the house was the tidier for it.

So Grace went to active service also, and no one knew that Fred, the drummer, was her sweetheart, and the war in Egypt looked very serious, as all who read the newspapers could plainly see. Grace managed to see the newspaper almost every day, but it took her a long while to spell the news; and many and many a time was she interrupted while her eager eyes were devouring the lists of killed and wounded, and hastily she would drop the sheet, blushing furiously, to scurry off and go about her work with direful uncertainty in her heart.

So time went on as well as the war, and occasionally she received a letter from home, but not often, for Mrs. Dillon admitted that she was no "scholard," and with the admission considered her duty done;



Two figures stood at bay.

while the sergeant felt far more at his ease with a musket than a pen; and even when a letter did come it was full of the varying health of the Dillon household, with a sprinkling of barrack news—such as the purchase by Mrs. Tilley of an oil-stove, and the acquiring of measles by baby McNiven; but only once was mention made of the —th Regiment, and then it brought no consolation, for it only told her that its men were seeing real war, and said nothing of its leading drummer.

Grace sobered a little as time went on, for without her natural surroundings of barracks and barrack children, and with a routine of prosaic works, her wings seemed clipped; but she, nevertheless, succeeded in shocking, while she amused, her fellow-servants by her daring talk and wild appearance.

The autumn had passed, the winter was passing; the fate of nations and that of the drummer were to Grace Dillon matters of wretched suspense, when one morning, as she knelt to kindle the study fire with a yesterday's paper, eagerly wasting her time in searching its columns for intelligence, her eyes fell upon the words: "The troopship *Courage*, having on board the —th Regiment," &c., "will reach Portsmouth on the 21st inst."

It was the 21st! He was come. He would go home to the barracks, and she was not there.

Grace rose from her knees with the paper in her hand, staring at it with wide eyes and white face; then leaving scuttle, brushes, sticks, and coals, she crept back to her bed-room, put on her hat and jacket, took her

purse in her pocket, the paper in her hand, and, slipping out at the street door, started to walk to Portsmouth.

It was only a matter of sixteen miles, but Grace looked weary when she reached the docks that afternoon and inquired for the *Courage*. She had been sighted, they told her, and would probably land the troops early the following morning. Grace gave no thought to the household she had left with its unlighted study fire; she thought only of Fred, the drummer, and her eyes looked happy as she absently ate a pale bun in a dingy little eating-house hard by. Most of the night was spent in looking longingly over the waters from an upper window.

As the dawn broke and the mist rolled slightly upwards, she could see the form of the big ship resting in the greyness, and dressing hurriedly, she returned to the docks. There she stood, watching the ship with eager, hungering eyes, while a bleak breeze blew, and the people began to fill the streets again and go about their daily business. Then round about her a crowd collected, either to watch from curiosity, or to await the coming of friends or relations, wounded or uninjured. An unwashed boy stood a while and sang "Tommy Atkins" in accents which recalled the gutters. And the happy light in Grace's eyes turned to an awful anxiety. What if he were not come? What if he lay dead in Egypt?

The doubt coming now was terrible, and made her feel faint and chilled in the bleak morning air, and she leaned against a post for support. Then her eyes fell on a pretty, fair-haired girl, who was eagerly watching the advancing ship, and talking excitedly to an old woman; and Grace shook off her weakness, and felt cheered by the other's eagerness, and watched also.

She must have leaned there for some while; but everyone was too busy and eager to notice her trouble. Then a happy cry went up, and Grace, opening her eyes, saw man after man of the —th passing through the gangway to their friends waiting ashore. Then, suddenly, as she looked, there came Fred's face between her eyes and the sky. It was no fancy; she blinked her lids hard, to see if he would disappear; but no, he was alive, he was uninjured, he had come back to her after all!

Her grief was forgotten; she caught her breath in a half-sob, which turned to a little laugh of joy. She stepped hurriedly forward, half holding out her arms, when, lo! between them—between herself and her brave drummer—there sprang the pretty, fair-haired girl; her face was perfectly sunny with welcome, her arms were round his neck, and the old woman beside her trembled, and wiped tears from her eyes. All were too busy to look at Grace, and Grace, with all her rich colour flooding her face, stood and watched the scene for a moment; then, with a terrible rage in her eyes, she turned and began the sixteen miles back again to service.

But Grace's latest escapade was not condoned; she had neglected her work and shocked all right-thinking people; and "Dillon's Maid" was returned forthwith, as a bad penny, to the barracks.

Two figures stood at bay, facing one another—she on the veranda, he on a step just below; while the spring sun shone down on the barrack-square, and all around seemed hushed to watch this meeting. Grace Dillon was back again, in her rusty velvet frock, from which she unconsciously strove to escape at every seam, and a hot spot burned on each brown cheek, and her eyes were wild with anger. Fred, the drummer, wearing a canvas jacket over his uniform, and holding a bucket in his hand, looked anxious and questioning. They had met suddenly, and for the first time since their return.

"What's all this about, Grace?" he burst out at length. "What have I done that you won't so much as look at me? You said you loved me when I went away."

"Did I?" she panted. "Did I say I loved you? Then I told lies: I hate you! I wouldn't love such as you for all the world—a lyin'—"

The blood flushed up in his face too. "Then you're a—"

"I'm a what? I know what I'm not," she raged; "I'm not the pretty, pale-faced baby who went to meet you at Portsmouth Docks—that's what I'm not!" and she glared at him in angry triumph.

"What do you mean?"

"That's what I mean—I'm not that little fool!"

"You're not a pretty, pale-faced girl, I know well enough," he broke out hotly; "you're a mad vixen; but I'm not going to let you call my sister a fool."

Grace clenched her hands and stared at him, and the colour shuddered out of her face. There was dead silence for some moments; then she faltered, "I didn't know 'twas your sister."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Fred, and there was pleading in his voice. "Tell me what I have done. Tell me all I'm to know. I've always loved you true, Grace. Why did you fool me, my dear? Why was it lies when you said you loved me too?"

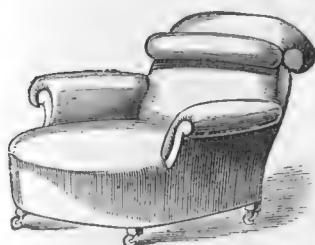
Great tears welled up in Grace's eyes. "'Twasn't!" she cried, throwing out her arms and hanging as a blushing Juliet over the iron railings, to the drummer on the steps below. "'Twas lies when I said I didn't."

And the "ta-ra" of the sunset bugle still found her atoning for her sin.

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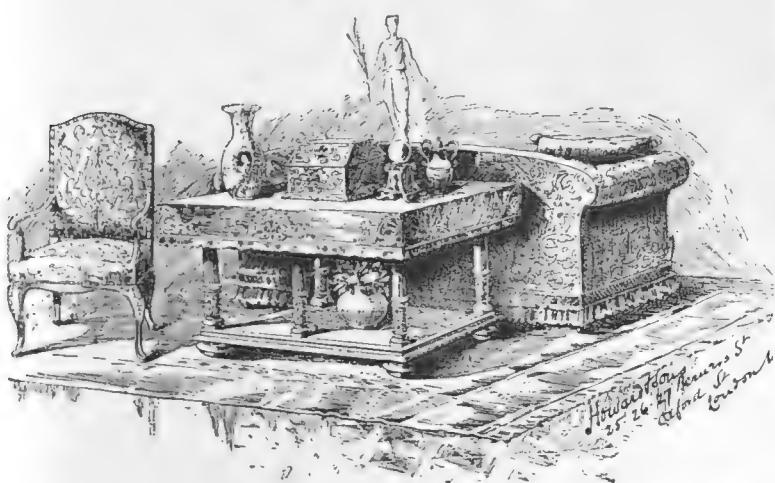
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SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer, with its sultry heat, is not a source of unmixed pleasure to those who suffer from excessive corpulence. Health cannot be maintained under conditions of great obesity. In general, the mental energy of the highly corpulent becomes impaired, and their capacity for the conduct of business is consequently much diminished. It will therefore be interesting to know it is an indisputable fact that excessive corpulence can, in all cases, be cured by the system which has now for many years been successfully practised by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Mr. Russell possesses hundreds of testimonials from persons in all classes of society, many of them holding distinguished positions in the learned professions and in her Majesty's services, which, taken collectively, prove to a demonstration that anyone suffering from obesity who systematically applies his remedy for a few weeks consecutively can be cured. The patients under his treatment are not asked to be "fasting men," and it is remarkable that in the case of many of Mr. Russell's subjects their appetite increases as their weight diminishes. A pamphlet containing most interesting and trustworthy information, together with the *recipe*, may be had by writing to Mr. Russell, enclosing 6d. stamps for postage. With such a remedial agent at their command as Mr. Russell's specific, excessively corpulent persons have only themselves to blame if their unwieldy persons are not speedily reduced to fitting proportions.

The following are Extracts from other Journals:—

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has

been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously. But this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.—*Forget-me-Not.*

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of Obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending cost of

postage, 6d., a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the book containing the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter.*

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulence and the Cure," and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book: send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'—*Cork Herald.*

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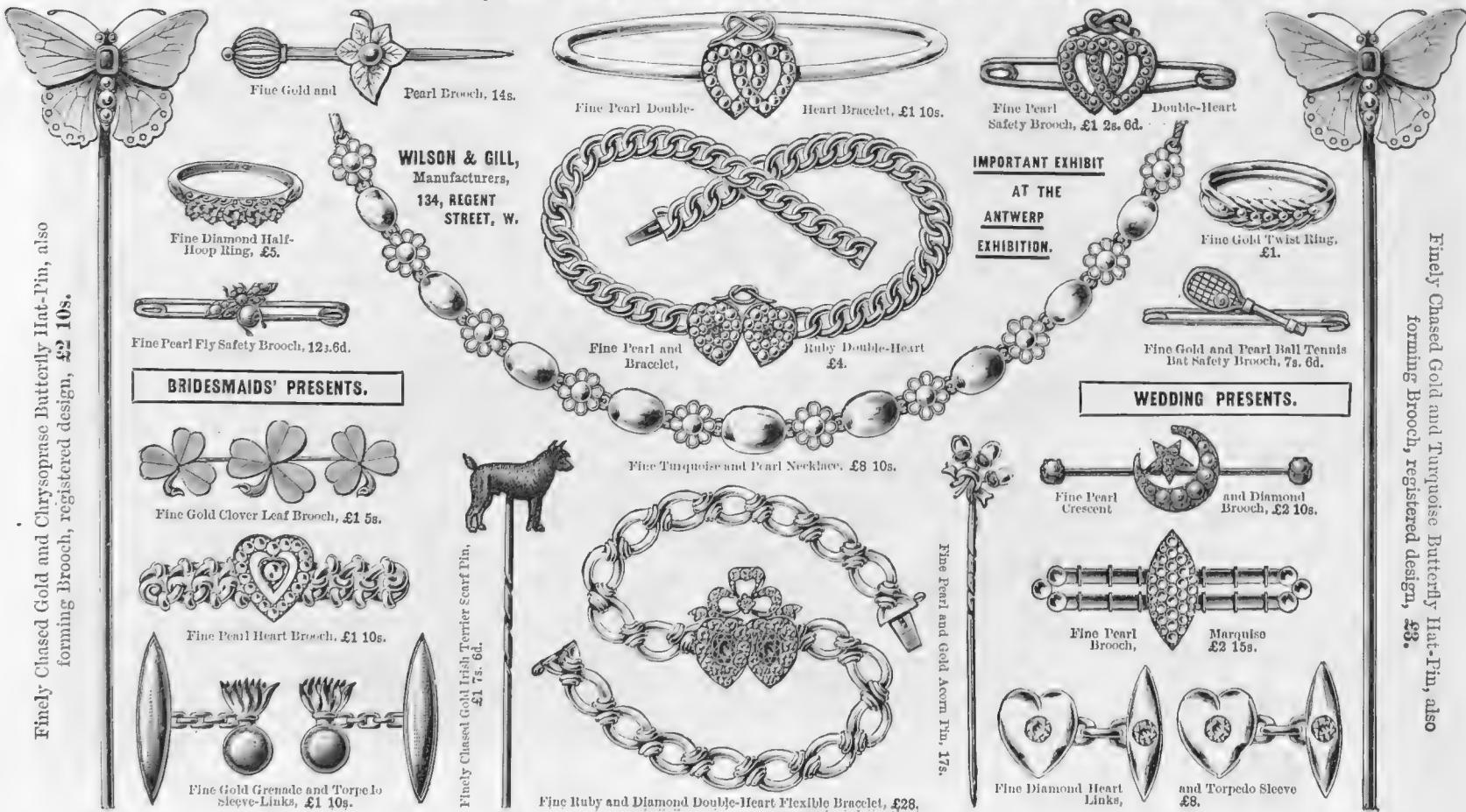
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The net system is exciting considerable interest among the booksellers at present. Efforts are being made to induce publishers to supply no net books to those booksellers who will not undertake to sell them without reduction from the published price. I believe that, with one prominent exception, the London booksellers have agreed to abide by this rule, and the question is whether the publishers will be able in the future to enforce it. If they are, it is quite possible that the net system will ultimately supersede, to a large extent, the discount system—a system which has wrought such evil to the book-selling trade. This is a consummation much to be wished for.

In process of time we shall have really satisfactory editions of all the great novels, provided their length is not immoderate. A satisfactory edition of "Clarissa Harlowe" can hardly be imagined, and even the stories of Dickens are too long for satisfactory handling in a single volume. None of the editions of Jane Austen has quite pleased me. There is no reason why any of her books should occupy more than one volume. I am glad, however, to hear that Mr. Hugh Thomson has undertaken to illustrate a new edition for Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. Austin Dobson has made a great find in connection with Oliver Goldsmith. I am forbidden to say more, but Messrs. Dent will, probably, soon make the public aware of this new addition to its wealth.

Edmund Yates was not always good-natured or well-informed in his literary allusions, but he was, on the whole, a generous critic, and of a certain kind of literature he had an unrivalled knowledge. He reflected the spirit of the period when, after the enthusiasm of 1851, Thackerayism became ascendant in literature and Palmerstonianism in politics, and "earnestness" went out of fashion. He was the friend and associate of such men as Albert Smith, Robert B. Brough, Angus Reach, Shirley Brooks, James Hannon, E. M. Whitty—a brilliant band, of whom there are few survivors and but few memories. The best account of this man will be found in his "Reminiscences," a singularly accurate, useful, and entertaining book, though not by any means a complete chronicle of the author's life.

The *Humanitarian* will commence a new volume with its July number, and many points of interest will be added. The size will be increased, and the publishers will be Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. Among forthcoming contributors to the July number will be Sir Henry Roseoe, M.P., on "Technical Education"; "Iota," the author of "A Yellow Aster," on "Life in the Australian Bush"; the Dean of Ely, on "The Church and the Labour Movement"; Lady Violet Greville, on "The Domesticated Woman"; Lady Burton, on "The Position of the Animal Creation," and many other well-known writers.

Translations from the Russian, even from writers little known to Western readers, seem to receive encouragement, judging from the number of them published. Poushkin's fame as a poet, but only his fame, reached us long ago. His "Prose Tales" have been quite unknown till the translation by Mr. Keane, recently published by Messrs. Bell, sought English readers for them.

The volume will furnish a substantial supply of fiction for a week or so, the number of the tales being considerable and their matter particularly solid. In their English dress—a respectable and careful one, by-the-bye—they are not exactly attractive. Even the shorter tales are heavy. But the narrative is vigorous, the incident abundant, and they are very satisfying after the slim fare of most of the short stories of to-day. Jókai's early historical tales have some resemblance to them. The exploits of the notorious Imperial pretender, Pougatcheff, are the central interest of the longest tale, "The Captain's Daughter," but a less known brigand, Doubrovsky, is the hero of the best of them. A reader hungry for incident in his fiction, and little fastidious about fine lights and shades, might do more than spend his week's leisure over this fat volume.

"Idylls and Lyrics of the Nile," by Mr. H. D. Rawnsley (Nutt), is a kind of poetic itinerary, which does not prevent it from being also a book of poetry. All, save travellers, will ignore the fact that the poems are arranged rather with regard to

locality than to subject, and dip and dig at random. The really good verse, though it is all picturesque, has to be dug for; but it is worth a reader's pains, for there are passages full of fine colour and melancholy fascination. In the three water-carrier poems, "Hope," "Joy," and "Sorrow," will be found exquisite pictures of Egyptian domestic life, especially in the first—

Shway-shwáyah, with her lips all blue,
And chin dark-beaded with tattoo,
Takes the large water-jar in hand
And joins the river-going band.

She has reached the maturity of her fourteenth year—

And if full charged her head can bear
From the far Nile the large "bellas,"
Straight unto marriage she may pass.

In the "Joy" poem the ambition is accomplished. "Sweet Habeebeh"

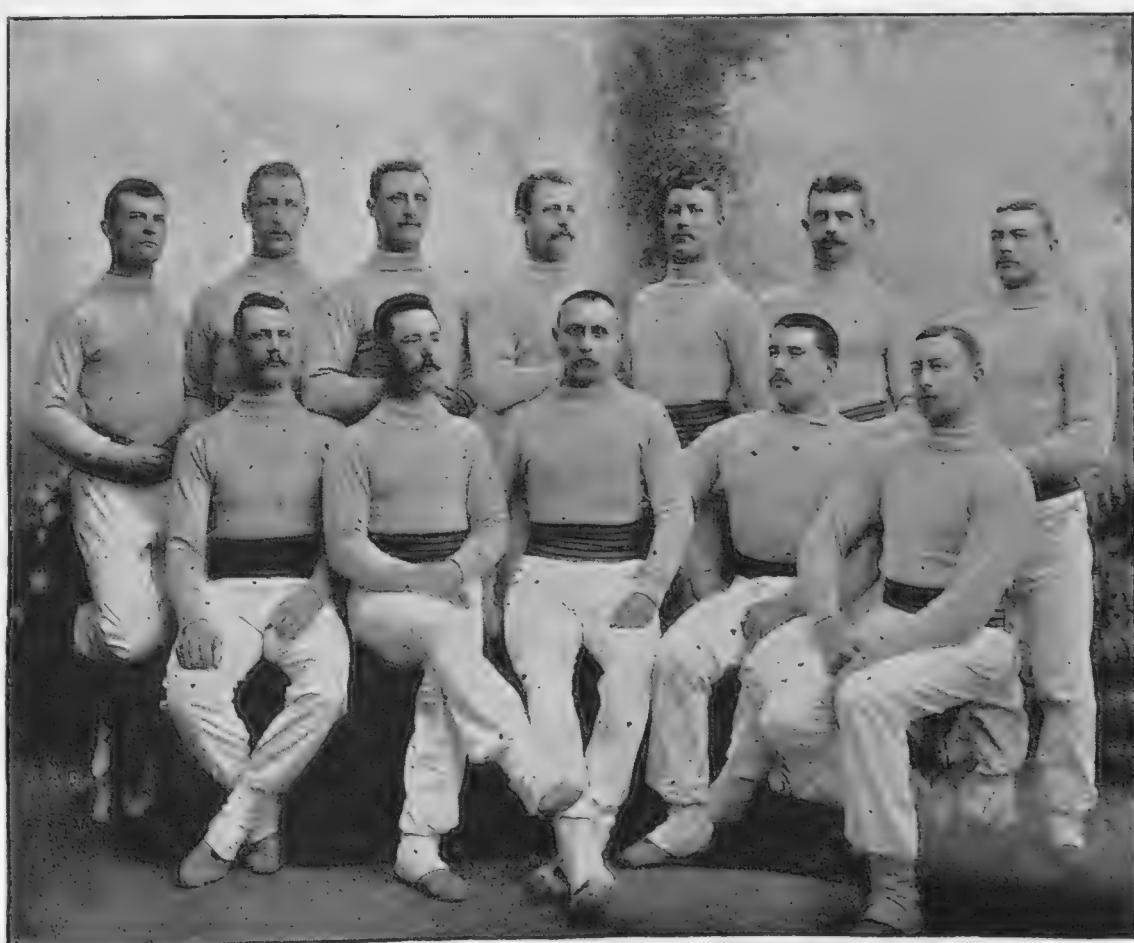
Laughs: she is a bride, those finger-tips
So red with henna till she has a home
And lord.

o.o.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Once more the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has been echoing to the shouts of thousands of spectators at the Royal Military Tournament, which has again vindicated its right to be regarded as one of the "purple patches" in the London season. All the prominent features of the tournament, which have been so popular in the past, again figure on the programme. That splendid example of rhythmic military precision, the Musical Ride, has been shared this time by the 1st Life Guards and the Royal Scots Greys, and is applauded as much as ever. The tournament opened on Thursday, and for a fortnight will serve as the happy hunting-ground for visitors, who, by their attendance, both pay a well-deserved tribute to the fifteen hundred men who take part in it and also contribute to military charities, which have already received from this source the noble total of £31,000. The committee have always delighted to give the tournament a cosmopolitan character, and in previous years of its existence the public have warmly welcomed picked representatives of the armies of our Continental neighbours, France and Italy. Last year, it will be remembered, teams of Victorian Volunteer Horse Artillery and New South Wales Cavalry (Lancers) served to emphasise the "crimson thread of kinship" between the mother-country and the Colonies. Previously, a team of Mounted Rifles from Victoria had earned applause. This year we have representatives of Denmark in the persons of two officers and thirteen non-commissioned officers of the Army Gymnastic School. With pleasure we give the portraits of some of these natives of a country bound to Great Britain in especial sympathy through the alliance of the Prince of Wales with "the Sea King's daughter from over the sea." There is no need to assure our visitors of the cordiality with which their presence at the Royal Military Tournament is regarded.

Sergt. Olsen. Sergt. Jüul. Sergt. K. Jensen. Sergt. J. Jensen. Sergt. Soelberg. Sergt.-Major Elmgreen. Sergt. Frederiksen.



Sergt. V. Petersen. Sergt. H. Petersen. Sergt. N. Jensen. Sergt. Hærhold. Sergt. Früs.

THE DANISH TEAM AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A STORY-TELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.*

The journalist who plies the oar of the newspaper galley-slave may refresh his weary spirit sometimes by thinking of the distinguished men who have rowed in that galley, who have shaken off the chains, and, stepping on board some light and saucy craft flying the pennon of Romance, have sailed gaily away, leaving their old companions in task-work still toiling in the old trireme. There are high and mighty critics—M. Ferdinand Brunetière, for instance—who treat the journalist as an outcast, and swear that by no possible chance can he find redemption in literature. It is needless to cite the considerable roll of novelists who give this dictum the retort direct. Some of the masters of our language began life in journalism, a circumstance which appears to have escaped the notice of no less a person than Mr. Stevenson. It was never the lot of the hand that wrote "Treasure Island" to write for the newspapers; but has he forgotten that Thackeray was a Paris correspondent, and that George Meredith wrote leaders for a modest organ of opinion at Ipswich? To be sure, it is not easy to trace this experience in any of Mr. Meredith's novels, though he has long promised us a story which has a journalist for its resounding theme. I do not find the "making" of "Richard Feverel" in the Ipswich oracle, but the genesis of Mr. Christie Murray's romances is plain enough in his autobiography. When I look through the publishers' advertisements, scanning with admiring interest those brief abstracts from reviews which put the transcendent merit of a new work into a few breathless words, I observe that the phrase applied to Mr. Christie Murray's fiction describes it as "ripe with thrilling incident." His personal reminiscences show in a very agreeable way how his eye for incident has been trained, and how one notable influence in modern fiction gave a characteristic bent to his fancy. When Mr. Murray was a private soldier in Ireland he read "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and the salient qualities of that book have made a visible impress on his best work. Charles Reade's genius for vivid narrative and for the dramatic handling of simple emotion has no mean disciple in the journalist, amateur vagabond, war correspondent, playwright, and actor who figures in the graphic pages of "The Making of a Novelist."

Mr. Murray remarks somewhere that he has observed far more curious things in his wanderings than he has been able to utilise in the not inconsiderable number of novels which he writes with such ease and expedition. Thirty-six chapters at as many sittings represent the rapidity and assurance of his method. This piece of arithmetic must excite the envy of some of his brethren, who toil and moil over their fancies, recasting and repolishing with insatiable scruple. Mr. Murray writes with the swiftness and dexterity of the expert journalist, and, whatever may be thought of the depth of his perception, the vigour and vivacity of his style are beyond dispute. Moreover, it has a literary finish, none the less striking because it is quite unaffected, which I would commend to critics who think no distinction of workmanship can come out of Fleet Street. But it is undoubtedly the range of Mr. Murray's experience which has made the staple of his resources. He has seen the seamy side of the Army; he has starved in London, and slept on the Thames Embankment, the "Hotel of the Beautiful Star"; he has made believe to be a vagrant, and has unveiled the abuses of workhouse administration; he has followed the track of war in Bulgaria; he has written a play and staged it in New Zealand; he has turned actor at the age of forty-five, and come unshamed out of that audacious experiment. In his days as a journalist he outwitted Archibald Forbes, won the spontaneous praise of George Augustus Sala, accompanied a rescue party down a coal-pit, harrowed the Midlands with an account of an execution, showed all the aptitude, in short, which

makes a newspaper man a power with the public. And yet he has enough "thrilling incident" to spare from his fiction to put into an autobiography which he tells us is only an experimental fragment, to be followed by more if the reading world cares to have it. My impression is that Mr. Murray may go on writing his memoirs indefinitely. Without drawing any invidious distinctions between his novels and his note-book, I can imagine that there are people who will prefer Mr. Murray's autobiographical vein, simply because it gives them the impressions of a keen observer at first hand, without any of the somewhat old-fashioned machinery of plot and passion. Mr. Murray tells some excellent stories of his military life. There was an Irish recruit who was given up in despair by the drill-sergeants, and eventually bribed to desert. "When he had been diligently instructed in the sword exercise, he asked the sergeant what would be the use of it all. 'While I was going through that,' said he, 'some bloody-minded Russian'd be choppin' me head off!'" Still better is the story of the three miners at the inn who made up their minds to try the flavour of port. The landlord ordered a bottle of the best to be brought up from the cellar, and shortly afterwards saw the adventurous toppers looking very discontented. "Gentlemen," I says, "ye don't seem to like your liquor." "Like it?" says one of them; "if this is the stuff the gentlefolks drink, the gentlefolks is welcome to it for we." I turns to my man, and 'Bill,' says I, "where did ye get this bottle o' port from?" "Why," he says, "I got it from the first bin on the left-hand side. 'Why, you cussed old idiot,' I says, 'you've browt 'em mushroom ketchup!'" Mr. Murray made a close study of the casual ward in the rural districts, masquerading as a compositor. He was obliged to work for undesirable victuals by picking oakum, an employment which flayed his fingers, and put the compositor "beyond the chance of earning a living at his legitimate trade for a fortnight." With the rascaldom of English vagrancy and the rascaldom of Constantinople in war time Mr. Murray is equally at home. But the most piquant of his adventures to me is the beginning of his career as a dramatist and an actor. This has an idyllic simplicity which shows how much nearer to nature is the purely improbable than any sophisticated person might imagine.

Mr. Murray was in New Zealand, where he fell in with a theatrical manager who asked him for a new and original drama. He set to work on this, thinking it could be dashed off with the facility of novel-writing. But presently he found the members of the travelling company ob-



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

truding themselves on his imagination. He had to make his characters for them. "In this way, all the real people who supposed they were to interpret my shadows into flesh and blood converted my flesh and blood into shadow." But Mr. Murray soon had an opportunity of trying the flesh-and-blood business himself. A gentleman in the company suddenly left it, and Mr. Murray filled the gap, and saved the manager by appearing for the first time on any stage as Baron Hardfelt in "Jim the Penman." This episode is extremely entertaining, and a more faithful account of stage-fright has never been written. "The scene before me I knew to be the strongest of its class in the whole range of modern drama. I knew, impotent as I was, that I could play it. I could feel the sense of power tingling through my own impuissance. But the first essential was to know the words, and never a word knew I." Since then Mr. Murray has become convinced that acting is his calling. He lays down a principle: "The time of full middle age is that at which a man most readily adapts himself to a new art." I have not seen Mr. Murray act, though I have heard a good deal about his success; still, I would warn other middle-aged gentlemen not to be carried away by his enthusiasm. We saw Shakspere played the other day by ladies. I have a horrid dread of learning some fine morning that certain histrionic tyros have formed a company entirely composed of forty-five and upwards,

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September 28, 1660.

Thursday — I did send for a Cyp of Tee, (a China Drinke,

of which I had Never Dranke before.

Samuel Pe-
pys

His Diary, PAGE 55.

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"THE LITTLE MAN ISLAND."

Happy the people that have such a historian as Mr. Hall Caine! A distinguished Irishman has said that if the Emerald Isle had had a Scott it would not have remained the "distressful country." Man has a modern Scott in Mr. Hall Caine. He has thoroughly identified



PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

Photo by Dean, Douglas.

himself with "the little Man island," for has he not given it a new interest by making it the background of "The Deemster" and "The Bondman," and by establishing himself in Greeba Castle, somewhat after the manner in which Sir Walter set himself up at Abbotsford? Then, in "The Little Manx Nation" he told its history in a delightful way, and now he has written for the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company a smaller guide, under the title which heads this column. Anything more unlike a guide-book it would be difficult to imagine. One seems to be reading the story of some impossible "Land of Heart's Desire," instead of an account of a very much up-to-date pleasure resort. For example, when Mr. Caine has to tell of the influx of the August holiday 'Arries of the north, he does not denounce them: "They are excellent people. It is impossible not to feel a strong respect for them as a whole. They are the sturdiest, cleverest part of the English race. But it is hard to deny that they are the most rugged part of it also. Their manners are primitive; their dialect is broad; their humour is still broader." His enthusiasm is unbounded. For example: "After long familiarity with certain of the greater things in the coast scenery of Europe, I have found no feeling of disappointment in presence of the lesser glories of the little Manx seaboard. . . . No minaret of any mosque in Constantinople is half so glorious as a Manx mountain with the sun dying off its crown of eushags. . . . Grander things of the same kind—the Manx glens—there are in many countries; grander things a thousand times, but nothing so sweet, so soft, so rich, so exquisitely beautiful. . . . I do not know a climate at once more genial and more bracing, or scenery more cheerful and more heartsome. . . . Assuredly it would be hard to find in the world a more bright-eyed,



CALF OF MAN—SOUTH.

Photo by Dean, Douglas.

cheerful-toned, humorous, and happy-looking race than the people of the little Manx nation. . . . I do not know a town in Europe so absolutely given over to enjoyment as Douglas is in the month of August." This sort of enthusiasm is infectious.

HOW THE DERBY IS TELEGRAPHED.

Hundreds of thousands of people who cannot be present take an enthusiastic interest in the result of the Derby, if of no other race, and to these the telegraph wires forward messages of comfort and joy, or otherwise. It is a stupendous work nowadays, but is administered with efficiency quite surprising for a Governmental Department. Chief of this important section of the public service is Mr. Charles G. Hall, who, having graduated in other important positions in the G.P.O., notably as Secretary to the Postmaster-General, now holds an office carrying with it the gravest responsibilities. He has to arrange for the proper conduct of telegraphic reports from race meetings, and of great political speeches, while at the same time he is head of the Press Section, what is technically known as "Special Arrangements," and Intelligence



Photo by A. J. Langton, Buckingham Palace Road.

MR. G. C. HALL.

Department. Mr. Thomas Mason, who is the travelling superintendent, was originally employed by the old telegraph company, and went into the service of her Majesty when the transfer of telegraphs to the Government took place. To his capacity for rapid organisation may be attributed much of the success of the Telegraph Department; indeed, the ability, not less than the unchangeable urbanity exhibited by these two gentlemen, excite one's admiration and esteem. Excellent provision is made for telegraphists at Epsom, and, so far as the Press are concerned, they are in immediate connection with the operating-room. Here the whizzing and hissing of the machines upon Derby Day remind one of a rampant colony of puff-adders, but order prevails throughout, and over 10,000 messages are dealt with in one short afternoon. Result-messages are more numerous at Epsom than elsewhere, but upon the afternoon of the Doncaster St. Leger last year the largest number of messages were treated, these totalling over 13,000. The "Wheatstone Automatic" machines are invaluable to the department, for by means of these instruments one message is forwarded to London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester at the same time, at the rate of between 300 and 400 words per minute. During four days' racing at the four meetings—Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, and Manchester—30,000 messages are sent.



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

J. WATTS, LADAS'S JOCKEY.

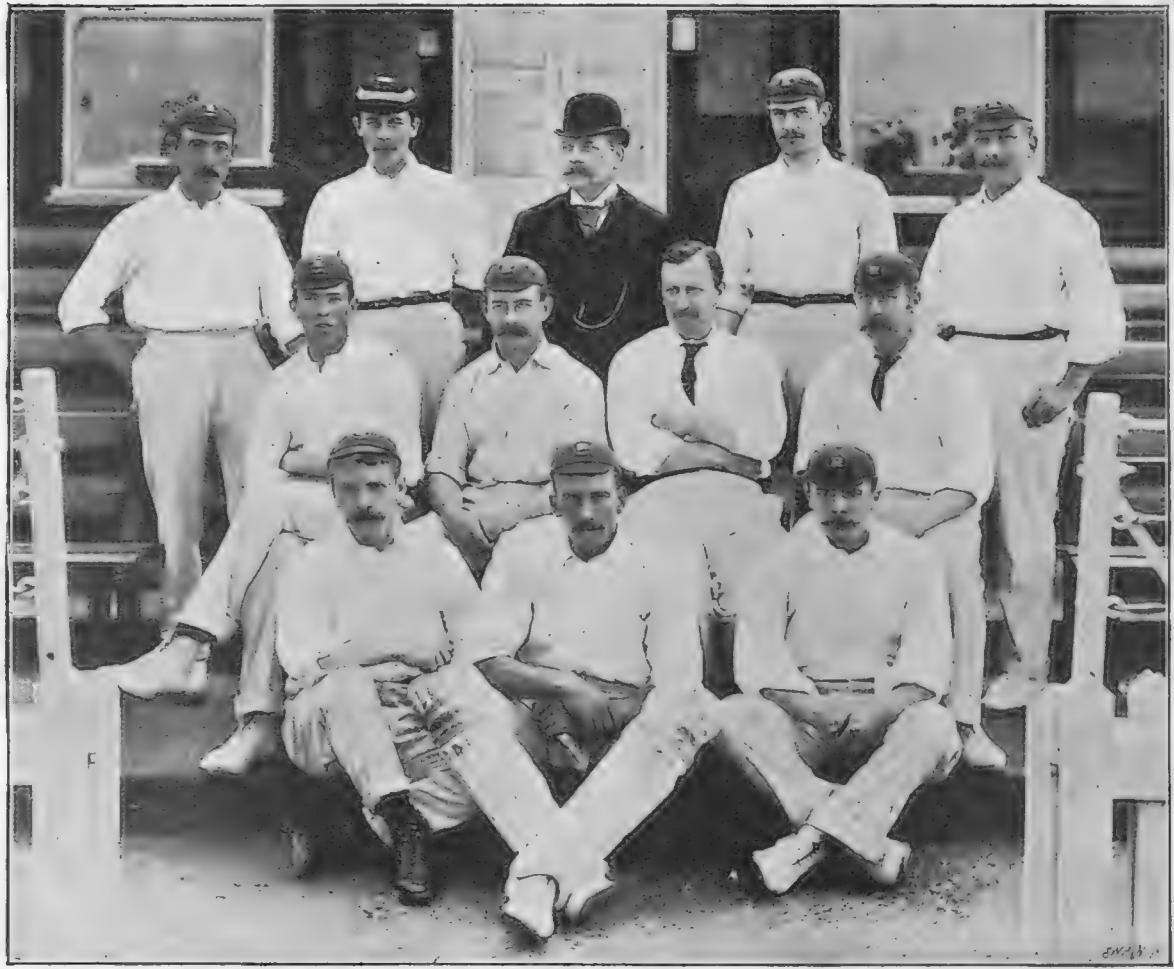
THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The weather has been playing such fantastic tricks with cricketers lately that, like the man in the song, they hardly know where they are. As a rule, rainy weather and century scores do not go together, and yet we have had a plentiful crop of individual innings going over the three figures during the past three weeks. I must congratulate W. G. Grace on his 139 against Cambridge University, even though his son was out for a "duck" in the same innings. Some people have been writing to the papers to the effect that Grace has scored a hundred centuries during his career. This is not quite correct. I had it from W. G. himself that his record is ninety-seven centuries. That he may be spared to play three more must, I am sure, be the wish of all good cricketers.

It is said that W. G. has never scored what is technically termed "a pair of spectacles." In the match against Middlesex he came just as near it as ever he did in his life. In the first innings he was out off his

Mead. H. A. Arkwright. Armour (scorer). C. K. Kortright. Pickett.
H. M. Taberer. A. S. Johnston. A. P. Lucas. H. G. Owen.



Burns.

Russell.

Carpenter.

THE ESSEX ELEVEN.

first ball, and at the second attempt he only got one run, which was stolen from a block, which landed the ball not more than three yards away from the bat.

One of the most remarkable feats I have heard of in first-class cricket this season was the stand which Mr. R. S. Lucas and Phillips made for Middlesex in their second innings against Surrey. Eight wickets were down for 81 runs when these two batsmen came together. The astonishing thing is not so much that this pair put on 149 before being separated as the fact that neither batsman has in the past ever been considered anywhere near the front rank. Mr. Lucas was only three runs short of the century when he fell to a brilliant catch by Maurice Read, while Phillips carried out his bat for 67. Even this performance, brilliant as it was, did not save Middlesex, but it gave the ex-champions a bigger fright than they are likely to get for some time. Another feature of the same match was the fine batting of Abel, who went in first for Surrey and carried out his bat for 136, after nearly five hours' play. Maurice Read's 75 (not out) in the second innings is also worthy of note.

As far as one can see, the struggle for the championship is not unlikely to resolve itself into a duel between Surrey and Yorkshire. The Tykes will have an opportunity to-morrow of improving their position, when they meet Sussex at Dewsbury. Speaking of Sussex reminds me that Alfred Shaw, the old Notts trundler, is once more engaged in active cricket. Shaw was the Lohmann of his day, so far as bowling is concerned. It seems curious that a man who played nearly all his life for Notts should change his county in his declining years. No doubt, the influence of Lord Sheffield was strong, and Sussex certainly requires help from some quarter if she is to take a place in first-class cricket.

The visit of Middlesex to Liverpool, where they meet Lancashire to-morrow, is causing a good deal of interest in northern latitudes. Up to date, Middlesex have not placed anything like their strongest eleven in the field. What has come over Messrs. O'Brien, S. W. Scott, Nepean, and F. G. J. Ford? It seems almost worth while to revive I. D. Walker, Hadow, and Paravicini.

Leicestershire will seek fresh honours at Nottingham to-morrow, where they meet the home county. There is no doubt that Leicestershire are a strong combination and deserve first-class honours, but some people will argue that by the defeat by Cheshire the latter are also worthy of the highest rank. In my opinion, Hampshire also deserve consideration; but, then, I suppose, the line must be drawn somewhere. So far, Essex have hardly fulfilled the high destinies which some of us hoped for the fourth London county. They were lucky, indeed, to make a draw against Warwickshire the other day. Essex are noted for their bad beginnings, and it is to be hoped that they will finish strongly.

The M.C.C. have at last taken definite action regarding the "follow-on" rule. A meeting has been convened for July 10 at Lord's Ground, when the M.C.C. will propose to substitute for Law 53 the following—

"The side which goes in second shall follow their innings if they have scored 120 runs less than the opposite side in a three-days match, or 80 runs in a two-days match."

NOTE.—This proposition is one of the three alternatives mentioned in the circular recently sent out to a number of the leading players by the M.C.C. The other two were that the "follow-on" should be at the option of the side which had gained a lead of 80 or more runs on the first innings, or that it should be abolished altogether.

GOLF.

There is nothing in the world of sport so remarkable as the growth of the royal and ancient game. A couple of years ago the daily newspapers would not have touched it with a stick; to-day none are so poor as not to do it reverence. It is strange, and yet gratifying, that the paper of the democracy in London—the *Daily Chronicle*—should devote a leading article to the great and growing pastime, an article, too, well-informed and brightly written, as readers may judge from the following extract. *A propos* of the Ladies' Championship, the writer says: "Golf, too, it must never be forgotten, is a game requiring both strength and staying power, as well as skill and perfect self-control. The smashing drive from the tee, the bang of the mashie into the sand of

the bunker, the swinging 'loft' of the iron, the long, low shot with the cleek, the stealthy putt—these, to say nothing of the pitying smile of the caddie or the infuriating, well-meant advice of one's partner, call for a combination of mental and physical qualities hardly to be developed in any other game. And there is this very important truth about golf as a game for women: the woman with 'nerves,' the jealous and envious woman, the woman who is irritable with her servants, the woman who jumps when the door bangs, the woman who finds life not worth living when her dressmaker betrays her, will never make a golfer."

Miss L. Dod, who has won the Ladies' Lawn-Tennis Championship oftener than any other, has turned her attention to golf, and promises to show exceptional talent. Playing in the Ladies' Championship, she finished even with Mrs. Cameron at the eighteenth hole, but got "bunkered" in, and was beaten in playing off the deciding hole.

Lady Margaret Scott, the winner of the championship, has a beautiful style. It is as nearly perfect as possible, with a full swing that one rarely sees in ladies. Miss Pearson is also a remarkably good player, with any amount of nerve and steadiness, which in the long run is more successful than occasional brilliancy.

ATHLETICS.

I wonder how many inter-Varsity meetings have been arranged between Yale and one or other of the two great English Universities. Once more it has been agreed that Yale and Oxford meet in an athletic competition, probably some time next July. I sincerely hope that the affair will be brought to a successful issue this time. Yale, it will be remembered, beat Harvard this spring, while Oxford beat Cambridge. The contest, therefore, would be between the two crack 'Varsities of both continents.—OLYMPIAN.

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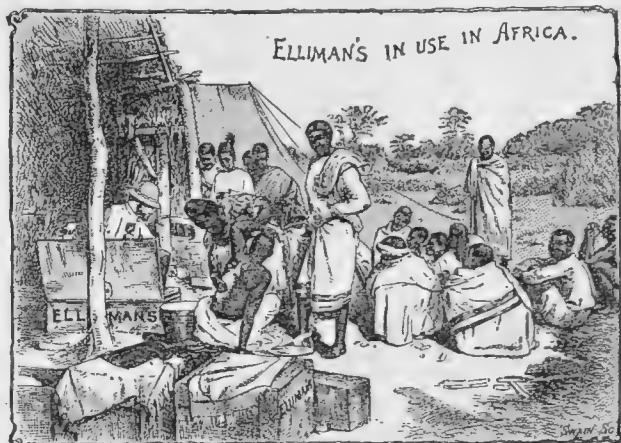
SLOUGH.
ENGLAND.

1 1/2

a nasty kick
Use Elliman's for Bruises.

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This picture is reproduced from an instantaneous photograph taken by John Bennett Stanford, Esq., at Engatana, about 100 miles up the Tana River, when upon an exploring expedition. Most of the patients are Abyssinians and some Somalis, but Elliman's Embrocation was used for the bruised shoulders of the Zanzibari porters, who are great lovers of it, and are always intensely amused at the sight of the white embrocation upon their black skins.



ELLIMAN'S AND THE PONDOS.

"I may mention that it was a Basuto that doctored or charmed Sigeau's army in the last attack against Umhlangaso. His plan was to paint the usual black cross on the warrior's brow, but not having had a sufficient supply of the medicine he fell back upon Elliman's Embrocation and made a white cross on some, and the whitened ones, believing they were invulnerable, were more daring than the others, but the fates ordained it so that there were far more of their number killed in the bush than those who had not the white cross."—*East London Dispatch, South Africa, March 17, 1891.*

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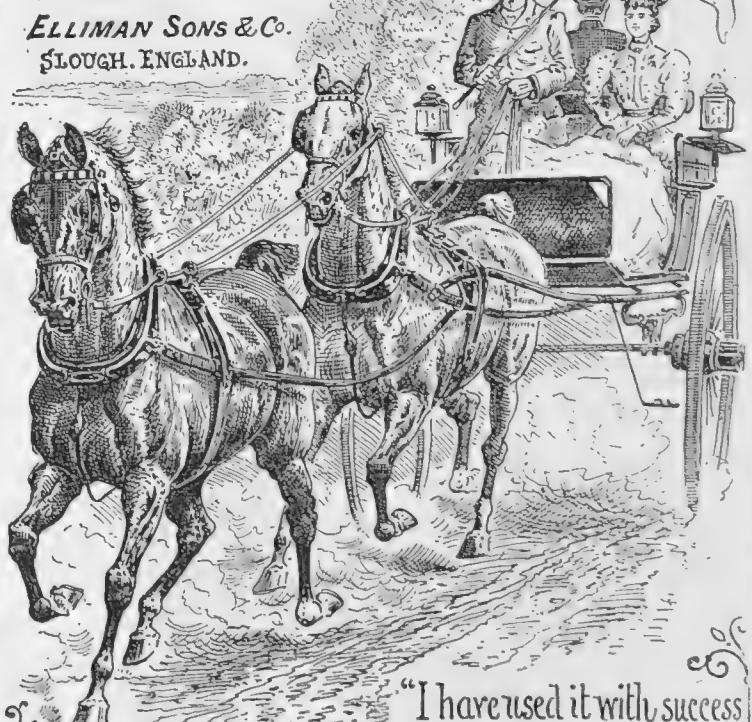
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VICTORIEN SARDOU.



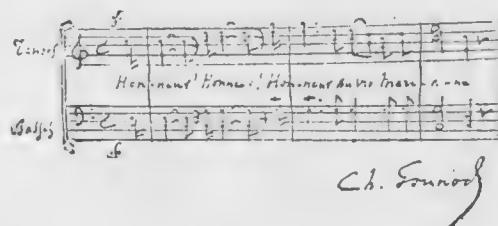
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EMILE ZOLA.

A CHAT WITH BRET HARTE.

BY BARONESS VON ZEDLITZ.

Yes, I have had a delightful chat with Bret Harte, a chat full of descriptive and interesting matter, the gist of which I will try to convey to you in his own illustrative words, although my space is very limited. Do not expect me to give you a vivid description of his home, his sanctum, his surroundings—in fact, all those accessories of every-day life that are interesting when they relate to the personality of a distinguished man; for Bret Harte only consented to be interviewed on neutral territory, outside the radius of his own familiar walls, and remote from the *entourage* of his home existence. I cannot, therefore, speak of historical souvenirs, nor of walls hidden from view by portraits of well-known celebrities. There were no precious relics, photographic albums, or autograph-books lying about in the room in which Bret Harte entertained me, for the very good reason that we met at a friend's house, where the keynote of association with the individuality of this brilliant author was, to a great extent, missing. But I can recall his bright, genial face, his kindly smile, and the snow-white hair, which contrasted vividly with the ruddy glow of his healthful complexion. These personal characteristics I recollect with great delight, for they bring back most of the local colouring which gracefully tinted the figures standing as models to us during our recent brief conversation.

He wrote me a quaint letter, too, tinged with just the faintest *suspicion* of protest against my proposed interview, because he had not long since been the victim of this modern freak of journalism; but in a rash moment he had made me a promise, the fulfilment of which I begged for, and—well, the following lines will show whether I was solicitous in vain or otherwise.

This is what he said: "Won't you grant me just a decent interval in which to recover from my blushes and shyness after Mr. —'s marked attentions? I do not even suggest that there should be a 'close time' for authors, or that the same stag should not be hunted two weeks successively, for have I not given my word to a lady?"

When I found my wish about to be granted, I wanted to know something concerning the individuality of some of Bret Harte's favourite heroes, so on the occasion of our meeting I inquired into the *arrière vie* of such a man, for instance, as Jack Hamlin or John Oakhurst.

Bret Harte replied thus: "The gambler, twenty years ago, in California was really the most honest of all operators. When he acted otherwise he was looked down upon by the fraternity of his profession, and known as the 'short-card sharp.' His perfect equanimity, coolness, and capacity for winning and losing without emotional murmurs and his uniform correctness of demeanour gave him the distinct appearance of a well-bred gentleman: as a matter of fact, by a very singular coincidence, the only men who wore tall hats in those days were clergymen and gamblers."

"Jack Hamlin's was a distinct type?" I inquired.

"Certainly; of course, there were variations, but you might have found Jack walking about under a dozen aliases. He, however, was more sentimental than the rest of his fraternity, through his weakness for music. At one time, after one of the great fires at Maresville, he officiated at the organ of a church that had been rebuilt by contributions gratuitously subscribed by gamblers. Churches drew substantial people, and substantial people gambled; consequently, the presence of a church in a superior town was a surety in favour of custom among the gambling element. Do you know how the first Sanitary Commission was organised? Well, it was started in a drinking-saloon by two or three gamblers. Just after the news of one of the Northern reverses, the sympathy of the crowd was greatly moved by the intelligence that several of its acquaintances were suffering among the wounded. 'I am mighty sorry for this,' said one of the profession. 'How much are you sorry?' promptly asked his friend. 'Well, I'm sorry 200 dollars.' 'And I'm sorry 300 dollars,' said another. 'And I'm sorry 400,' said a fourth. And so the rise was continued until, in about ten minutes, 15,000 dollars were subscribed by the gamblers and their friends. Nobody thought of withdrawing from a self-elected rivalry, and the entire amount was transmitted by wire to the organisation afterwards known as the Sanitary Commission."

"I see you go back occasionally to the Spaniards, Mr. Harte."

"Yes," he replied, "for they provide wonderfully poetic material. The keen, speculative American adventurer found himself suddenly confronted with patrician types of civilisation and culture unknown to his experience, and which had been left intact upon the Pacific coast for nearly three hundred years, during which period the forms of social life had undergone no material change among the Spanish Americans. The Spanish hidalgos, often belonging to the flower of the old Andalusian and Castilian aristocracy, who had emigrated under a missionary zeal, attended only by a reverend father, or, perhaps, an escort of dragoons sent up from Mexico, ruled over their thousands of acres and hundreds of pious or converts in simple patrician fashion. When I was keeper of the archives in the State of California, the proceedings of these primitive justices of the peace who ruled over the prairies were Arcadian in their simplicity; the opinions propounded by some of these Alcaldes in discussing questions of social and domestic import were worthy of the proverbial philosophy of Sancho Panza. They say that the old Dons in their missionary fervour were fair types of Don Quixote himself."

"What about the contests between the Spaniards and the Americans?"

"Well, they were sharp and decisive, for the simple Spaniard had no knowledge of business and no conception of the destiny of the country. The American, consequently, became possessor of his lands, sometimes by marriage, sometimes by unjustifiable trickery, until the Don was at last compelled to retaliate by some more or less guileless deception. It was discovered that many of the grants—some of which, by-the-way, bore the seal of Charles V. of Spain—were duplicated, and there was a grave suspicion of forgery. The United States Land Commission was called upon to settle the claims, some of which were tested by men of singular probity."

"Tell me more about California," I urged. "Were the women scarce during the first period of emigration?"

"Yes, indeed, and what struck me forcibly was that the men were all so remarkably young. A casual old man once appeared with flowing white locks and caused quite a sensation; he was, in fact, regarded as a curiosity. The absence of women closened friendship between men, and the devotion that existed between miners and their partners was quite touching. The advent of women in the colony was, of course, hailed with enthusiasm, and once a girl's crinoline, being transported by express post, went astray by accident, whereupon it was seized, and the diggers made a circle and danced round it in high glee."

"I hear your works have been translated into most languages—are you satisfied with the results?"

"Yes," answered Bret Harte, with evident pleasure, "I am quite satisfied. All my books have been rendered into excellent French and German, and they are so prompt with the translations in Russia that they obtain them over there ere they are produced in England. While in San Francisco once, I received an Italian newspaper, and was wondering why on earth it had been sent to me, since I am unacquainted with the language, when my eye caught my own name at the head of a *feuilleton*, above which I read the following formidable title: 'La Fortuna del Campo Clamoroso.' Gracious! I felt as if I had been unconsciously the composer of an opera. Two of my books are obtainable in Spanish and one in Dutch."

"Don't the foreigners find it hard to render your slang?"

"I should fancy they did; but I am rather surprised to find that even in English they sometimes mistake my meaning. An ingenious footnote was once appended to one of my character-sketches, in which a gambler was stated to have 'handed in his checks.' The lucid explanation to this was that he had handed in his check-shirts, and had returned to the white shirt of civilisation."

"When may we expect to read your next work?" I asked presently.

"Soon, I trust, for I am writing a one-volume novel at present, but I have orders for stories, &c., two years ahead."

"What do you find is the easiest writing?"

"A three-volume novel is not nearly such hard work as a short story—in fact, I have always found the shortest work decidedly the hardest."

Here our chat was unfortunately brought to an abrupt close; nevertheless, I cordially thanked Bret Harte, that most charming of *raconteurs*, for the pleasant *quart d'heure* we had passed together,



Photo by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.

MR. BRET HARTE.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Sir William Harcourt has got his motion assigning to the Government the whole of the time of the session, however long that may be. On the face of it this seems a large gain; but I am not sure that it represents a very safe ground for prophecy. Suppose Sir William does get the Budget Bill through, which, no doubt, he can do, though not, I believe, without the closure, the question remains as to what terms he can make for the rest of his Bills. I cannot help thinking that in the end the session will be wound up fairly early, and that its fruit will be purely the Budget Bill, the Naval Defence Scheme, and a bit—probably, only a little bit—of the Registration Bill. In other words, no Bill of any moment will go up to the Lords. We shall have a quiet, undramatic finish, and if the Government remains in power till next session begins we shall have a fight on Welsh Disestablishment, ending in its abandonment, owing to the vote of the Lords, the whole to conclude, as the advertisements say, with an Anti-Veto Bill. The difficulty will be about the Evicted Tenants Bill. I confess I see no prospect whatever of its becoming law this session, or, I should say, passing the House of Commons, for its passage through the Lords is out of the question. The point is whether the Irish members will be satisfied with this state of things, or whether a section of them will not join the Welsh dissentients in maintaining a more or less independent attitude.

THE QUESTION OF MR. HEALY.

The decision of the question rests very largely with Mr. Healy. Mr. Healy is one of the unknown factors of this Parliament: he is restless; he is in a minority in his own party; he is a nervous and impressionable nature; he is a man of many Parliamentary wiles, and he is in that condition of mind in which a man sooner or later breaks out. He has all sorts of talents—wit, observation, a great literary gift, and doggedness of character. What he does seem to want is the higher kind of wisdom which teaches a man to subordinate his abilities to large public ends. There is a Puck-like strain in his character, which it is clearly difficult for him to restrain. I take, for instance, his attitude in the foolish business that ended in the failure of the attempt to get through the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill. The Bill was the first order of the day on Wednesday afternoon; the second order was Colonel Nolan's Bill for repealing the Coercion Act. The Tories certainly played a very reckless and improper game, for they used the Prevention of Cruelty Bill during the earlier hours of Wednesday mainly to prevent the Anti-Coercion Bill from being discussed at all. Some people say that Sir Richard Webster, who conducted the Bill, lent himself to these tactics, others that he disapproved of them. Certainly, he did not stop them, and the Irish, getting more restless and gloomy as it was seen that their Bill could not possibly come on—or, at least, be disposed of—turned angrily to a policy of retaliation. Of this little game Mr. Healy, who has taken small part in Irish tactics of late, at once became the central figure. He made speech after speech, full of ingenuity and cleverness, raising all kinds of points against the Bill, which, under other circumstances, he would have allowed through without the smallest difficulty. You could not help smiling at the perverse ingenuity of these tactics, at which no one can beat the small man with dark, mischievous eyes dancing behind the eye-glasses. But it was certainly not good policy for the Irishmen to stop an excellent social Bill simply because the Tories had blocked a measure in which they were interested. There are times when it is best not to play a game of tit-for-tat, and to allow your antagonist to make his false move without retaliation. Unfortunately, you do not often get this kind of restraint of temper in the House of Commons. I never knew an assembly in which calm more quickly gives way to storm. A word, a phrase, a gibe, even a laugh or a cheer, will in five minutes set the whole House by the ears. A certain childishness of mood is, indeed, the besetting sin of the Mother of Parliaments.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE BUDGET.

Meanwhile, one laurel, at least, has descended on the Olympian brow of the Leader of the House. The Budget is a great and unquestioned success. It is steadily bearing down opposition, though the county members have in no degree relaxed their bitter hostility to the equalisation of the death duties. Instigated largely, it is thought, by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen, they have kept up an unremitting attack on the new proposals for the taxation of landed estates. They tried to exempt real property altogether. They have proposed that we should not tax the property of people living abroad and having possessions here, and, defeated on this point, they have maintained the alternative proposition that you ought not to tax foreign securities held by people domiciled in this country. They have proposed to do away with the probate duty, and tax an estate, not on its corpus, but on each legacy. Nearly all these propositions were, of course, destructive of the vital plan of the Government, and if the majority of them had been carried Sir William Harcourt's task would have been at an end, and the Government would have been forced to resign. Mr. Balfour is rather careful of lending himself to the extreme tactics of the people who sit behind him, but he manages to play their game deftly enough. Unquestionably, he excels in lightness and charm of touch, the quick seizing of points, the arts of mere Parliamentary management. But it is a rather small and disingenuous game at the best. About midnight the debate usually degenerates in skill and increases in bitterness. The contest in the House seems to become more and more a trial of physical strength and temper.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

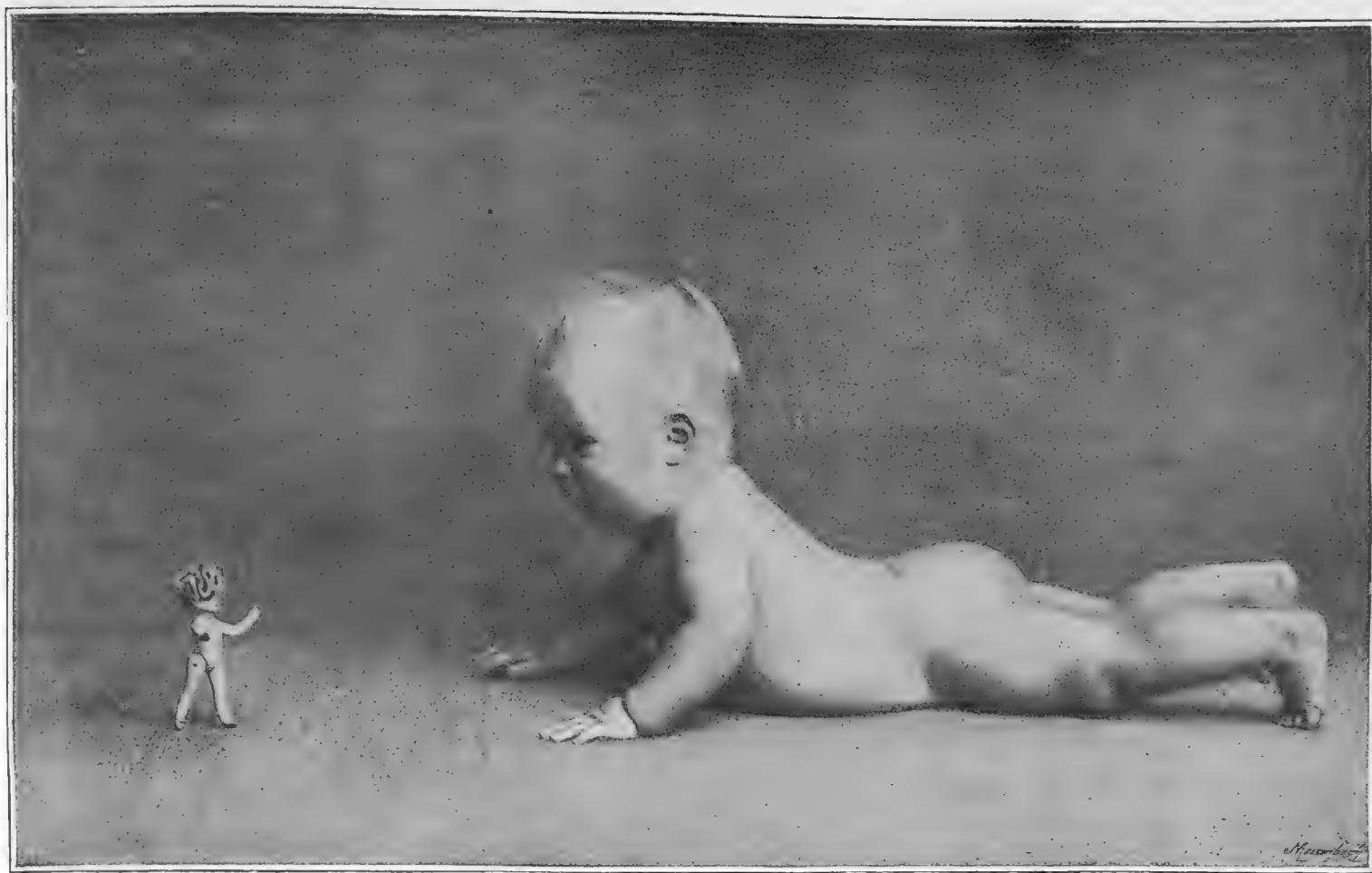
It was Mr. Hopwood I had to drop upon last week. This week it is the Irish members. I mean as to the obstruction of Sir Richard Webster's badly-wanted and excellent Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Last Wednesday afternoon was a disgraceful record for Mr. Healy and his party, who deliberately talked the Bill out, because they thought they had been "done" out of their own Bill to repeal the Crimes Act. It was a wretched piece of spite, and genuine, unadulterated "obstruction" of the good old Irish sort, for there was no pretence of hostility to the Bill on its merits. Let this be remembered against Messrs. Healy and Company for unrighteousness. The only redeeming feature about a thoroughly miserable exhibition lay in the fact that the Radicals were reminded of what they had almost forgotten—namely, the real nature of malicious Parliamentary obstruction. Of late they have appeared to say that it was obstruction when Conservatives merely objected against passing important clauses and Bills without any debate at all. It is, perhaps, not unwholesome, therefore, to have had the true sort of "obstruction" revived just for a moment as a correction of this delusion, fleeting though it may be.

LADAS AND THE DERBY.

All sorts of consultations have been held by the Unionist leaders in the course of the week in Mr. Akers-Douglas's room at the House of Commons. The Marquis of Salisbury came on several days, and the Duke of Devonshire on another, and on one day Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain all colloqued together, and great were the rumours over their talk in the Lobby afterwards. But all the Lobby reporters were off the scent. It wasn't the dissolution they were talking about—at least, not immediately—nor a Coalition Government; nor the Budget, which has had some rough argumentative knocks lately; nor even the motion of Sir William Harcourt to take the whole time of the House; but the secret was not a very difficult one. This is Derby Week, and this Wednesday is the day of Ladas; even if he be beaten, it would still be his beating day. All of us know what Ladas means to Lord Rosebery and his party, and all of us heard that, with Lord Randolph Churchill a little off colour, the Unionists run no chance this year of catching the shifty vote of those sportsmen who only follow the winner, and are not like the real sportsmen, who are undeviatingly good Tories. But there are still a good many shifty votes of one sort and another, and the Tories may as well have them as anyone else. So what should the leaders do but angle for the Clapham vote. What do I mean? Why, this: Lord Rosebery has done for himself with the strict and severe never-bettred-in-my-life-nor-even-looked-into-a-loose-box lot by merely possessing a crack racer. Meanwhile, our horses are not winning this year. So, *hey presto!* we will give up our racing studs and leave the Turf, and do what we can with the alienated Puritan mugwumps who used to vote Radical but now will vote Tory. I hope nobody concerned will read these lines, for then the game may be up. But the fact remains that, the very day after this conference in Mr. Akers-Douglas's room, it was announced that the Duke of Devonshire's horses in training and all his yearlings were to be sold, and also that the Duke of Portland was leaving the Turf. Mr. Balfour's support to the Derby Day motion of adjournment was only a "blind." He had to do it, purely out of compliment to the Prime Minister.

TIME AND THE BUDGET.

It is rather difficult to say how long the Budget debate will go on. Time for one or two things else has had, and has, to be found, such as Uganda last week, and whatever other Bills may have been included in the private pledges which Sir William Harcourt has given. He was astute enough not to say which those were in his speech on the motion to take all the time of the House. There is no doubt that if the Budget were debated with any interest, and as much as it deserves, the discussion would go on until the Government was beaten. For, though I originally thought that the Budget was a good one in the main, further consideration has convinced me that the whole rearrangement of the death duties is both clumsy, unjust, and from every business point of view upsetting. If the Budget passes, and is at all popular for the moment, it will be because the remissions on the income-tax will have acted as the bribe for which, I fear, they were only intended. The public seem to be quite apathetic about the really serious part of the Budget—namely, the part concerning the death duties; and the House of Commons, on the Ministerial side, at least, is just as apathetic, and much more dangerously so. If a few ordinarily conscientious Liberals could be found to give their serious attention to what the new estate duties mean in their effect upon real property and the agricultural interests, settled estates, life interests, legacies, the position of executors, the position of bankers, and the reaction on the devolution of wealth, I do not think this Government would be allowed to pass so large a scheme in its present unconsidered condition; but, as everybody is shaking in their shoes lest the Government should be defeated, Sir William Harcourt has merely to bluster a bit, and his followers come from tea- or smoking-room or Lobby and give him their votes. And what will be the result? If the Budget passes without such amendments to this part of it as would mean a Government defeat, either the House of Lords must throw it out—it can throw out the Finance Bill *in toto*, but not amend it—or else we shall have a perpetually recurring worry over amending Acts in the future. The general opinion seems to be that no crisis will occur over the Budget.



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low, faint, sinking sensation came over my stomach; but immediately upon swallowing the food I experienced feelings of uneasiness, pain, fullness, weight, and distension; so much so, that I felt almost as if I must burst. My mental depression, low spirits, bad temper, and irritability were such that I felt I had all the troubles in the world. This continued some time, until I completely lost my appetite; the flatulency now became very annoying, and caused me to experience

all day a nauseating feeling, not amounting to actual sickness. My tongue became furred and very white in the centre, and my breath so offensive that I could not comfortably approach anyone. I had great aching about my limbs, and a dull headache, with a disinclination to move. My mind dwelt upon every imaginable disease, until I exaggerated my symptoms into what I conceived must be cancer of the stomach, so acute were my sufferings. These dark forebodings continued until a friend—who had found Guy's Tonic of great service in his case—recommended it to me. He spoke so highly of it, and mentioned how very pleasant it was to take, that I determined to give it a trial. I assure you I did so with much misgiving, as all doctors, and every other remedy I had previously obtained, had failed. Suffice it to say, I had not taken the first dose one hour before the distension and weight in my stomach left me. I took a dose of Guy's Tonic after every bit of food swallowed, and before I had finished the third bottle every symptom had disappeared, and I am now able to digest almost anything without the slightest discomfort."



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ON THE TRAMP.

A CHAT WITH MICHEL DE BERNOFF.

M. de Bernoff, the famous Russian traveller, now making a short stay in London, might truly style himself the champion of globe-trotters, for, while other folks travel by rail or on wheels, he accomplishes vast distances on foot, and alone, with naught but his diary to keep him company. M. de Bernoff thinks but little of a walk from Paris to St. Petersburg, or *vice versa*, and we have his own word for it that from London to Edinburgh is a mere stroll.

"Every Russian soldier," he observed, in answer to a question addressed to him by a representative of *The Sketch*, "is, of necessity, a good walker. I myself spent my youth in the Military School at St. Petersburg, and marching—especially long-distance marching—was one of our special acquirements. The circumstances which actually led to my taking these long walking expeditions," he continued, after a slight pause, "were rather curious and painful. No doubt, you recollect the murder in Paris, seven years ago, of a general, the head of the Russian police. The assassin, a Nihilist, named Padewski, was my servant at the very time the terrible event took place; in fact, there is little doubt that he had entered my service in order to carry out his design. Be that as it may, I thought it best to return home without delay, and it was in St. Petersburg that the idea of a pedestrian tour through Europe first occurred to me."

"Did you first go through any kind of training?"

"No; nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I was seriously ill, and suffering from a kind of chronic bronchitis; the terrible Paris tragedy with which I had been, unwittingly, so closely connected had utterly broken my nerves, and I was ordered exercise and change of scene by our most eminent physicians. Accordingly, I left St. Petersburg on Dec. 21, 1890, and set out for Paris, doubting, *malgré moi*, whether I should ever get there, but I can truly say that I owe the restoration of my health to this happy thought. Believe me, there is nothing so invigorating and strength-giving as a good bout of walking exercise."

"And what is your advice to would-be pedestrians? You must, by this, have acquired a vast deal of practical knowledge."

"I have made up my mind that a great deal of the comfort and benefit to be derived from a long walk depends on the style of costume adopted. As much as is possible, I follow the peasant dress of whatever country I happen to be passing through. Thus, in Russia I wear the red shirt, sheepskin pelisse, camel-hair hood, and baggy knickerbockers of the Russian toiler. But, whatever I may alter above, I always, when walking, wear loose Russia-leather greased boots, and, in lieu of socks or stockings, bands of linen wound round and round my feet. In bitterly cold weather I line my boots with pieces of newspapers, for nothing keeps one so warm. Well do I remember as a lad the delight with which we used to welcome the bundles of newspapers given out to us on winter review and inspection days."

"What luggage do you carry?"

"A light knapsack, containing just one change of linen, a razor, and writing materials; last, not least, my passport, and one or two legal papers establishing my identity. I assure you these are sometimes needed. On one occasion I was arrested in Germany on suspicion of being a spy. I was only released after having spent a most uncomfortable night in prison, locked up in a regular dungeon carpeted with straw, and innocent of any furniture save an iron chain fastened to the wall."

"Do you recommend any special diet?"

"A pedestrian should take example of the birds, eat little and often. I find chocolate very sustaining; of meat I take hardly any, but fruit I delight in, and milk is the best of all walking food."

"And alcohol?"

M. de Bernoff shook his head. "I neither smoke nor drink. When in Bavaria, I was occasionally tempted to take a glass of good German beer, but it knocked me up utterly, and I soon had to give it up. Always walk on pure water or milk."

"Do you limit your hours of walking?"

"No; I have no fixed time, but I consider thirty miles a day a very fair average. I am very fond of travelling by night, especially in a warm country. I did the whole distance between Cadiz and Malaga during the star- and moon-lit hours. There is no pleasanter time for taking a walk, if people did but know it; and I had no unpleasant adventures. To tell the truth, I am not timid, and have never thought it necessary to carry arms. Talking of adventures, a curious thing once happened to me in England. Passing through a town during the regatta week, I found every inn occupied, and at length found shelter at the police-station, where I spent a very comfortable night."

"And what will be your future itinerary?"

"I hope soon to start for a walking tour through Asia, with Jerusalem as my goal; and, later, I mean to explore India and Japan in the same fashion. No man can really say he knows a country and its inhabitants until he has walked through it and among them."

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From London.	a.m.	p.m.	To London.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria dep.	8 40	9 20	Cowes dep.	2 43
London Bridge "	9 25	Newport "	2 59
Southsea arr.	10 54	...	Ventnor dep.	3 12
Portsmouth Town "	10 51	11 42	Shanklin "	3 28
Portsmouth Harbour "	10 55	...	Sandown "	3 25
Ryde Pier "	11 55	3 10	Ryde Pier dep.	7 15	4 0
Sandown arr.	12 28	...	Portsmouth Harbour "	7 45	4 40
Shanklin "	12 36	...	Portsmouth Town "	7 48	4 45
Ventnor "	12 49	...	Southsea "	4 40	...
Newport arr.	12 55	...	London Bridge arr.	10 5	7 0
Cowes "	1 18	...	Victoria "	6 55

The above are in addition to the usual Service of Fast Trains leaving Victoria 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 3.55 p.m., and 4.55 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 1.50 p.m., 4 p.m., and 4.55 p.m. Portsmouth for London, 8.45 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11 a.m., 12.10 p.m., and 1.50 p.m. All these Trains have connections with the Isle of Wight.

For further particulars, see handbills.

(By order)

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 2, AND EVERY SATURDAY THEREAFTER, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave the Waterloo Station as under, calling at principal Stations—

CHANNEL ISLANDS.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRIP.—Cheap Third Class Return Tickets will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from Waterloo, at 9.35 p.m., available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within 16 days of the date of issue. Return Fare, Third Class by rail and Fare Cabin by steamer, 2s. 6d.

At 8 a.m., for 3, 10, or 17 days, to PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, EXETER, EXMOUTH, LYNTON, ILFRACOMBE, &c.

At 8.20 a.m., for 3 (to certain Stations), 10, or 17 days to MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CHELTENHAM, SALISBURY, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, &c.

At 10.10 a.m., to Winchester, Southampton West, Bournemouth, &c., for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

At 12.5 noon, for 3, 10, or 17 days, to WEYMOUTH and DORCHESTER, and for 10 or 17 days to BOURNEMOUTH, Swanage, Lymington (for Yarmouth and Freshwater), NEW FOREST, &c. By extra payment of 20 per cent. on fares, passengers may return by certain Trains on the intervening Saturdays or Sundays.

FOUR-DAYS EXCURSIONS as follows: At 1.15 p.m., for PORTSMOUTH, via Direct Line, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, &c.

At 1.20 p.m., for Southampton, Cowes, Newport, Salisbury, Winchester, &c.

At 3.40 p.m., EXPRESS SERVICE to Ryde, and Stations in the Isle of Wight (Bembridge and St. Helens excepted). 12s. tickets for 8 or 11 days will also be issued to Stations in the Isle of Wight.

For full particulars and times of Return Trains, see handbills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

HOOK OF HOLLAND Route to the Continent via Harwich daily (Sundays included). New twin-screw Steamships Amsterdam (1745 tons), Berlin (1745 tons), and Chelmsford (1635 tons). Cheapest and best route to Germany and Holland.

ANTWERP EXHIBITION, via Harwich, every week-day. First, return, 20s.; Second, 20s. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct Service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining Car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's Steamships, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

ISSUED BY THE

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With numerous Vignetted Illustrations. Price 3d.

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LIST OF FURNISHED LODGINGS IN FARMHOUSES AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS

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The above-mentioned Guides, as well as Time-Tables, Tourist Programmes, American and Continental Folders, and other publications may be had on application at the Midland Stations and Agencies, and Chief Offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons; to Mr. W. L. Mugleston, Superintendent of the Line; or to

Derby, 1894.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

"Everything for Ladies' Wear" is the title of the profusely-illustrated catalogue—or, more correctly speaking, volume—which has just been issued by Mr. Peter Robinson of Oxford Street, and, though the necessaries and luxuries which come under such a heading are practically endless, I venture to think that you will hardly find one which is not represented in one or other page of this most fascinating production. If I once ventured to give you an idea of even a few of the delightful and moderately-priced garments described therein, my pen would inevitably run away with me: so will you, on my hearty recommendation, write off to Mr. Peter Robinson by the next post for a copy of his wonderful catalogue, which will be sent to you post free? It will give you

a point at the waist, are of black net, studded and fringed with sequins. The thick ruffled collar is of net, sewn with tiny jet beads, and, though this would be the most generally serviceable cape, I must say that I fell in love with another—also in black net—ornamented with steel beads and sequins, or with wonderfully-tinted "moonlight" beads. In jet it is only 35s. 6d., and in steel two guineas; so none of you need deny yourselves of this pretty thing on account of its being extravagant.

As to the opera cloak, which is of the finest cloth in a delicate shade of pink, I think that the pink ostrich tips, which do duty as a collar, are quite the most becoming setting from which a young and pretty face could rise; and other tips, interspersed with bows of white moiré, outline the yoke, which is of white moiré antique, embroidered with lines of tiny gold and silver sequins. A deep frill of lovely white lace falls from beneath the prettily-curling ostrich tips to the waist in front, and is



A MATRON'S MANTLE.



SMART CAPE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.



THE "GAINSBOROUGH" OPERA CLOAK.

a splendid idea of all the latest modes, and I foresee that, as a result of its perusal, you will, as I did, make your way to Oxford Street as soon as you conveniently can after the last page is closed.

I started at the mantle department, and there I remained, conquered by the special charms of the three garments which I have had sketched for you and by the general attractiveness of many others, of which I will try to tell you. But first to the sketches, and then the place of honour must be given to a mantle which is specially suited for a lady past her first youth, but who still has the very natural desire for pretty and attractive things. I always feel quite ashamed of facing middle-aged ladies and children, for I am afraid I neglect them shamefully; however, this is a step in the right direction. This particular mantle has a pleated turned-down collar and gracefully-falling shoulder-cape, pointed at the back and in the front, which, with the long stole ends of black moiré antique, are enriched with handsome embroidery in jet beads and sequins. The deep cape, which falls beneath the waist, is of black silk net, studded over with jet sequins, and bordered with an appliquéd of moiré antique, embroidered with jet, the embroidery being continued on the net, which just allows the figure to be seen underneath. No matron could wish for a more becoming or more dignified garment, I am sure, and I may whisper to all such that the price is by no means high.

Now the young folks must have their turn, and most of them will appreciate the dainty little cape, which is the very thing for summer wear, as it is perfectly light, while it would give a finish to any costume. The pointed yoke is entirely covered with closely-clustered jet sequins, and the two frills, which fall over the shoulders and taper to

caught into the side seams of the tight-fitting back, which is embroidered down the centre with the gold and silver sequins, the lines being cleverly curved in a way which is most becoming to the figure, while the lining is of shell-pink silk. The "Gainsborough" opera cloak is well worth eight and a-half guineas, and I recommend it to the special notice of brides-elect, as it would be a charming addition to their trousseaux.

Now I am free to give a few words to some of the other things of beauty which caught my eye, and, though waterproof cloaks do not usually come under this category, I can truthfully include one called the "Bisley," a perfectly smart garment, with a tweed exterior and a triple cape, which can be taken off and worn separately at will. It is made with all the latest improvements in the way of ventilation, the back beneath the cape being of openwork, absorbent canvas; and yet, with all this, the price is only one guinea. The "Bisley" is a distinct acquisition—don't you think so?—and I should like you all to see it. When I think of the awful garments in which our grandmothers, and, indeed, even our mothers, used to encase themselves when they had to venture out in the wet, thereby converting themselves into ungainly bundles—there is no other name for it—I cannot be thankful enough for the good fortune which enables us in these present days to defy the weather in a perfectly smart and becoming cloak, in which, as far as appearance goes, we could also brave the brightest sunshine—and all for a guinea, too!

As regards race cloaks, Mr. Peter Robinson is well to the fore with some charming (and cheap) novelties, one, of nut-brown waterproof silk, having a double accordion-pleated cape, trimmed with an appliquéd of black

[Continued on page 383.]

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have been made and sold.

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THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

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The "COMPANY'S" Best Quality Brussels Kid.

Per 1/11, 2/6, 3/6, and 3/6 per pair.

4 Buttons 17/6 3/6
6 " " " 17/6 2/6
12 " Length Mousquetaire 26/6 4/6

In Black, White, Tans, Beavers, and all Colours.

The "COMPANY'S" Best Quality (Meissonier) Real French Kid.

Per 1/11, 2/6, 3/6, and 3/6 per pair.

4 Buttons 17/6 3/6
6 " " " 22/6 3/9

In Black, White, Tans, Beavers and all Colours.

4-Button Black Kid, with White, Red, Green, Pink, Gold, Blue, or Tan Points and Welts, 2/6, 2/11, and 3/6 per pair.

SPECIALITY: "CUIR DE RUSSIE." A little heavier than kid, equally soft, and has the pleasant aroma of real Russia leather.

Per 1/11, 2/6, 3/6 per pair.

4 Buttons, Roundseam sewn 22/6 3/9

In Tan Shades, with Self Paris Points.

4 Buttons, Pique Sewn 25/- 4/3

In Black or Tan Shades, with Self Paris Points.

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4 Buttons, Plain Points, 1/11, 2/6, 3/6, and 3/6 per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Beavers, Greys, &c.

6 Buttons, 2/3, 2/10, and 3/9 per pair. In Black, Dark Colours, Tans, Beavers, White, and Light Shades.

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12-Button Length Mousquetaire, 2/11 & 4/3 per pair.

16 " " " 3/6 & 4/11
20 " " " 3/11 & 5/11

In Black, White, Cream, Biscuit, Yellows, Coffee, Grey, Pink, Lavender, Heliotrope, Tan Shades, &c.

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4-Button Strong Cape for Riding, Driving, &c.; Pique Sewn, Spear Points, 2/6, 3/6, and 3/9 per pair. In Gold or Oak Tan.

Gentlemen's and Children's Gloves at equally moderate prices.

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FOR THE TEETH and BREATH.

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RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

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Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.



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Latest and
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ONLY ADDRESS:
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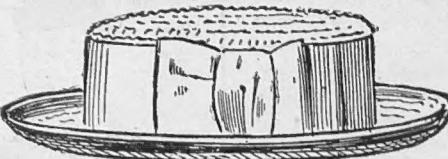
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In Striped Coarse
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hygienic, adherent & invisible
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Once
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Toilet "Lanoline".....6/- & 1/-
"Lanoline" Soap, 6/- & 1/-
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Should be used in every household, as { nothing is better
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SATIN POLISH.

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Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz. WHICH IS THE ACTUAL COST OF WASHING. Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers, also from the Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1/3 1/7, and 2/2, Post Free. Samples Post Free on application. Mention "Sketch." Address: "The Manageress," THE SANITARY Wood Wool Co., LTD., 26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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One Liquid.
Absolutely FAST.
Pronounced by those who use it as the only Dye fit for the Hair.
BLONDE, BROWN, BLACK.
Bottles, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-; by post, 3d. extra. Sold by Chemists and Hairdressers.

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LADIES
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PANTALOONS**

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Mention "Sketch."

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guipure, the waist being encircled by a sash-band of black satin ribbon with long ends. Another, of turquoise-blue silk shot with golden-yellow, was made to fit quite tightly, and edged with a narrow frill, the deep shoulder-cape—or, rather, pelerine—which was rounded at the back and pointed in front, being also finished with a tiny frill. The sleeves were simply huge, and the draped collar was tied in front in a loose bow with long ends—altogether, a very graceful and smart garment. For £2 18s. 6d., I liked a dust cloak of Tussore silk, the gathered yoke bordered with a frill, which, in its turn, was trimmed with an appliquéd band of lace, and from beneath which fell a deep frill of lace, matching the silk in colour. This same Tussore (or “Tussah”) silk is destined to be one of the most fashionable materials this season—in Paris it has been the rage for some little time already—and since the Queen and the Princess of Wales (as a result of the latter’s visit to the Silk Exhibition) have bought several pieces of Lister’s silk “Tussahs” their popularity is assured. I love these silks myself, and, made up in conjunction with the handsome guipures, without which nothing is complete nowadays, they look simply lovely; and Lister’s have provided any number of charming designs, in addition to the ordinary plain silks. Mr. Peter Robinson is one of the leading drapers who keep Lister’s “Tussahs”: hence this digression, which I hope you will take to heart, for every one of you who wishes to be in the fashion and to have a charming gown should invest in a dress-length of “Tussah” silk, and be sure it is Lister’s.

But to return to Mr. Peter Robinson’s mantle department. I have kept one special bargain to the last, and I want you to imagine a perfectly-cut coat of black or navy-blue serge, with very full sleeves and open front, black moiré covered buttons being placed at each side, while the revers and turned-down collar are of black moiré antique; and then rejoice and be glad when you hear that this coat is only 25s. 6d., or, lined throughout with silk, 35s. 6d. I think Mr. Peter Robinson should be looked upon as a benefactor to women in general for providing them with such a smart and perfectly-made coat at such a price, and I fancy you will agree with me. It is called the “Duse,” and it should soon be as famous and as popular as its namesake. Now, don’t you think you will do well to send for that aptly-named catalogue, “Everything for Ladies’ Wear”? for all the other departments are equally full of good things.

FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

Fashions may come and go, but the fringe remains steadfast and triumphant, and, as far as I can see, always will do, in one form or another, for there are very few of us who can afford to wear our hair in too severely simple a fashion, while even the prettiest woman recognises the softening and beautifying effect of a few lightly-curved tendrils of hair lying loosely on the forehead. The lucky women, however, upon whom Mother Nature has bestowed an almost priceless gift in the form of naturally-curling hair are few and far between, and the vast majority of us have to expend a considerable amount of time and trouble before we can attain the desired result. I do hope, however, that none of you ever think of using curling tongs, as their effect upon the hair is terribly bad, and in a very short space of time will convert an erstwhile soft and pretty fringe into a dry and broken mass of unmanageable hair, which seems to have no curl left in it. There is no need, either, to use these dangerous little appliances when, by means of “Hinde’s Hair Curlers,” you can have your hair curled in about five minutes, and that, too, without any heat being required. Of course, if your hair is very straight, and disinclined to curl, you should do it up in the curlers when you go to bed, and allow them to remain in all night. A good plan is to damp the fringe first with Hinde’s “Crispa Water,” which has the effect of keeping it in curl, let the weather be what it may; and while you are about it you should most certainly get some of Messrs. Hinde’s “Pyr Pointed” hairpins, for then you will never know that irritating and temper-trying pain which is caused by one or more obstinate and sharp hairpin points sticking into your head, and this pain you have to bear smilingly, for to attempt to reach the little instruments of torture would mean to ruin the appearance of a more or less elaborate coiffure. But when your hair is dressed with the “Pyr Pointed” hairpins, you can enjoy perfect comfort under any and every circumstance, and surely that is a consideration. So, what with hair curlers, “Crispa Water,” and hairpins, Messrs. Hinde have looked after our comforts well, and in return we should all make a point of having their productions represented on our toilet tables.—FLORENCE.

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

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This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the “Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,” 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act, A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

JUNE 6, 1894.

Signature.....

ARTISTS OR “ARTISTES.”

It is only occasionally that these two terms, differentiated, as they sometimes are, by a single letter, become synonymous. One of these rare occasions was afforded by the Royal Academy Students’ Dramatic Club, which on Tuesday and Thursday of last week supplanted Mr. Corney Grain at St. George’s Hall, and produced an “original and artistic burlesque,” entitled “*Virginius Puerisque in Arte*.” Art is ever a good target to shoot at, but it is not everyone who can hit the bull’s-eye as in “*Patience*.” The Academy burlesque fell short, not in what was done, but rather in what might have been done. While bristling with bright points, it rather lacked the cohesive force of a central idea. The action was divided between three art students, three merry maidens (members of “*The Pigment Sisterhood*” in the “*No Flies Seminary*”), and a female model, who supplied the friction necessary for the farcical element of the love interest. The other characters com-

prised the visitor of the seminary, a critic of the Bunthorne type, two curators (Hades and Cœlum), and an elderly amazonic chaperon, while there was a chorus of students of both sexes. Naturally enough, the dresses were a very strong point in every detail. Miss E. Pyke-Nott made a charming boy, with a Burne-Jones aureole; and her companions, Mr. L. C. E. Baumer and Mr. C. Q. Orchardson, acted with spirit. Their lady-loves were represented by Miss N. du Maurier, who danced cleverly, Miss Venn, and Miss I. Coates, who sang charmingly. Miss Olive Owen, as the model, scored by her dancing. Mr. G. F. Metcalfe was made up and danced very grotesquely as the giant-chaperon. His dance with a tiny child, “Little Nello,” was very funny, from mere contrast. The most comic element, however, was contributed by the curators, Mr. S. Jacobs and Mr. W. G. Churcher, the latter making the hit of the evening with a song on the contents of an art gallery; Mr. W. H. Byles was not only a Highflyer, but a high-kicker; Mr. E. H. Read was the critic; and Mr. Wilmshurst was encored with his duet, “Oh, that we two were maying!” sung with Miss Coates. The burlesque was appropriately opened by its author, Mr. C. H. Sims, who played the small part of the hall-porter with quiet, “h”-less humour. Taken all over, the performance was creditable to everybody concerned.

A RACING TROPHY.

The accompanying racing trophy has been presented by a member of the Sports Club, St. James’s Square, as a Heavy-Weight Challenge Cup at Lingfield. It was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street.



NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 2, 1894.

Consols have, as we anticipated, broken the record by reaching a price never touched since the conversion, and with such an extraordinary Bank return as the last there is no knowing to what a point the present cautious mood of the public may not put them, although it seems to us that Metropolitan $2\frac{1}{2}$ stock is a better investment for those who desire this class of security.

Gold comes hurrying into the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street at the rate of over a million and a quarter per week from outside sources, and, aided by nearly £400,000 returned from the provinces, the total accumulation of bullion has reached the extraordinary figure of £36,042,880, while people are talking confidently about the gold held reaching forty millions in the course of a few weeks. Of course, this state of affairs, the like of which has not been seen since 1879, and even then to a lesser degree, is due to a partial collapse of trade and speculation through distrust, and will, in the long run, right itself, although we fear that this time the run will be a very long one.

As might be expected, Colonial and other first-class securities have all crept up, and the Indian Loan was allotted at an average price, which has only once been exceeded. We confess we are not in love with Indian securities at present. The policy of the Government which first ruins the price of silver by its legislation, and then tries the artificial expedient of borrowing in gold to keep up the exchange, does not inspire us with that confidence which is essential to the purchase of 3 per cent. investments at par. To increase the burdens of the country, which must be met in gold upon a falling exchange, may be an excellent plan for preventing any further fall so long as the proceeds of the borrowing are available, but appears as dangerous and demoralising in the long run to the financial prosperity of India as a bottle of brandy is likely to prove to a man on the verge of *delirium tremens*.

You know, dear Sir, our views upon the course of policy which the Indian Government has pursued for the last year, and it is quite useless to go over the ground again, but it is our duty to warn you that we fear there will be trouble in the future.

The week has seen great fluctuations in the Argentine gold premium, and ended with the announcement of considerable difficulties among those who have been gambling in gold at Buenos Ayres. Here, dear Sir, we have a plunge in some active stock, or in wheat, tallow, or some other staple product, if we are of a speculative turn of mind; but in the capital of the Argentine Republic the gambler buys and sells gold as his everyday amusement. The necessity of providing funds for the payment of the July coupons and the railway guarantees has, no doubt, helped to run up the premium; but those who had been speculating for a further rise received a rude shock by the announcement of the proposed loan to prevent any further necessity for immediate remittances. The matter is in abeyance at the time of writing, but the fact that leading financiers have still confidence in the future of the republic was marked by the circumstance that £1,000,000 was offered on very fair terms.

International stocks have been disturbed and miserable over the French Ministerial crisis and the off-chance of Bulgaria and Servia causing Eastern trouble, although the improved position of Turkish finance has caused renewed buying in London. Our favourite Uruguay stock has changed hands as high as 42 7-8, and holders may with confidence count on improvement. Italians have been reasonably firm, and we know—for we have seen a prospectus—that proposals are on foot for raising money here upon an alcohol monopoly. Whether the thing will ever see the light, we do not know; but do not believe it is a desirable investment, dear Sir, merely because it comes out with a flourish of trumpets.

Undoubtedly a great figure has passed out of the English railway world with the disappearance of Sir Edward Watkin from the chairmanship of three important lines, and, in all probability, from all active participation in home railway management. The market has received the news with favour, for Sir Edward's fighting principles have never been supported with fervour on the Stock Exchange, and the stocks of the Watkin lines, as well as Great Northerns and Chathams, have been well bought upon the assumption that, with a new master at the head of affairs, we shall be spared those contests which have proved so disastrous in the past. If the South-Eastern would take the opportunity of increasing the speed of their suburban trains and of improving the rolling stock, it would be more likely to bring about steady increases in the weekly traffics than any amount of new chairmen. The Olympia traffics are beginning to tell on the District returns, and if the Earl's Court show had but a spark of life in it the improvement would be more marked. Midlands have been in favour on good takes, and it is certain that for many weeks to come the figures will look well. If the Scotch strike scare passes away, Coras and North British Deferred will probably improve in value.

In the Yankee market the "bear" business is certainly overdone, but, as a large American manufacturer remarked to us yesterday, no considerable and genuine improvement can take place until the Tariff Bill is disposed of. Business, our informant said, is and must remain at a standstill while the future course of prices continues uncertain, for importers cannot buy, and everybody is waiting to see which way the cat is going to jump.

The savings effected in the working expenses of several of the great lines are most remarkable; for instance, in the case of the Pennsylvania

Railway, the gross take for the first four months of the year has fallen off by no less than 6,558,589 dollars, but the net result is only 790,134 dollars worse than last year; on the Baltimore and Ohio Road the gross take shows a decrease of 1,750,000 dollars, and the net decline is only 350,000 dollars upon last year's figures. Even more remarkable are the returns of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Road, whose gross receipts have decreased by 2,112,000 dollars, while the net earnings have actually improved to the extent of 82,834 dollars.

The Atchison reconstruction will probably be the first carried through, and will end in the assessment of the shares to the extent of 10 dollars, the changing of the A and B mortgages into income bonds, and the placing of the control of the road in the hands of the income-bond holders' representatives for probably five years. The Reading position is not encouraging, while the Harriman party seem to effectually block the way as far as the Erie reconstruction is concerned. Meanwhile, the investigation into the affairs of the Northern Pacific promises to disclose a very shameful state of affairs, not calculated to increase our respect for the railway "bosses" on the other side of the "herring-pond." On one deal alone it seems that someone made 12,000,000 dollars at the expense of the simple-minded people who held the company's shares and bonds.

The Industrial market has been good in tone, and anything like sound debentures or preference shares are in demand. Olympia shares have been in considerable favour, as have Eastmans. We do not advise the purchase of these or of Hammonds.

The Kaffir circus has been well maintained. Jumpers will probably have a dividend of 12s. a share, and will look cheap when it is off the price. There has been a good buying of Paarl Centrals from the Cape, and it is quite a market tip to purchase these shares. We think well of New Kleinfontein, Buffelsdoorn (the May output of which is expected to be at least 5000 ounces), Champ d'Or, Champ d'Or Deep Level, and, for a cheap low price share, New Louis d'Or.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE BISHOPSGATE DISTILLERY AND WINE COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed to take over one of the assets of the late firm of George Barker and Co., so-called bankers, of Mark Lane. Preference shares (£40,000), deferred shares (£8,000), and 5 per cent. debentures (£40,000) are offered for subscription. The auditors' certificate contains the following remarkable sentence: "For the purposes of our examination we have assumed the correctness of the books," so that, like the now celebrated report of Messrs. Deloite, Dever, Griffiths, and Co. upon the business of Murrietas, it means nothing. We advise our readers to keep their money in their pockets rather than expend it on any of the securities of this concern.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD CONCESSIONS, LIMITED.—This company is trying to get money by the private-prospectus dodge, and is offering 10,000 10 per cent. preference shares. The proposal is to explore and form baby companies, and a list of eight advantages which the concern offers is set out. Messrs. E. D. Oppert and Co. are getting far too much for very shadowy considerations, and the whole affair seems to us far too vague to be recommended. Intending applicants are requested to sign a form enclosed, but we trust none of our readers will do anything so foolish, despite Mr. Aylard's enticing letter, which is also enclosed, or the red-letter slip containing the latest information about Western Australia in general and everything except this company's property—if it can be said to have any.

THE ABSOLUTE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 95,500 ordinary shares and £20,000 5 per cent. debentures. We are inclined to think this company, if properly managed, should do well, and its surroundings are very respectable. It is not a wild-cat scheme, and our readers might do worse than subscribe for shares.

HUGGINS AND COMPANY, LIMITED, are offering £100,000 4½ debentures and 6700 £10 5 per cent. preference shares. We prefer the debentures, which seem well secured. We do not like the clause in the prospectus which informs the preference shareholders that they will not be allowed to vote at general meetings, except for limited purposes, and we advise no one to become a shareholder on such terms.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMY.—You are not the first young lady who has been duped by these people. They would probably disgorge if you sent them a lawyer's letter and followed it with a writ.

J. A. Q.—Sell half; see last week's "Notes." We think the Nitrate shares are good holding, and we cannot find you any safer investment to pay 10 per cent. If you want safe investments, you will have to take 4 per cent. or 4½ at the outside.

NORTH NORRS.—The house is doing splendid business, but all music-hall shares are risky. As a pure shot, we think you are likely to make a profit, but the receipts might as easily fall off as increase, for it all depends on whether the management continues to hit the public taste. There is plenty of market at present. Stick to your Atchison B's, which, we believe, will reach the figure you mention again. See "Notes."

F. B.—The future of the bank is, in our opinion, uncertain, but you can't get out, so it is no good for us to advise you.

JOHNNIE.—(1) The Industrial Trust muddle will come straight. Continue to support Mr. F. Walker. (2) Wellington or Dunedin 6 per cent. Corporation bonds should suit you. (3) Hold for the present, and, if you can afford it, buy a few more.